PZ
3
.N293
T

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0001008073

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 35 Copyright No.

PZ3
Shelf .N293T

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PRICE 25 CENTS

COPYRIGHTED BY
F. T. NEELY, 1890.

1893 1893

# A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

## Giving the Experience of an Underwriter Visiting the Fair at Chicago, 1893.

BY TENNYSON
AUTHOR OF "LOOKING FORWARD."

A high authority and critic says of this book: "As a work of art, as a picture of the imaginatlon, and for graphic description, I know of nothing that excels it in the English language."

PUBLISHED BY
F. T. NEELY
CHICAGO.

Neely's Series. Vol. 2. No. 15. Extra. Oct, 1890. Published Monthly. Annual Subscription, $3.00. Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago as Second-Class Matter.

SENT BY MAIL, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

# DYSPEPSIA!!

POSITIVELY POPP'S GERMAN STOMACH POWDER is overwhelmingly superior to all other dyspepsia cures of the day. Do not try uncertainties, when, by the use of this remedy, you certainly can be cured, no matter of how long standing your ease may be.

Partial list of Persons cured by Popp's German Stomach Powder that seemingly were incurable before using this marvelous remedy, as all heretofore tried remedies had failed:

Mrs. B. Van Arsdale, Englewood, Ill. Had dyspepsia 3 years. Cured.
Mrs. M. Buerk, 72 Waller St., Chicago. Suffered 8 years. Cured.
Robert Opitz, Chicago, was a sufferer for three years. Cured.
F. Roehr, baker, 2036 Archer Road, Chicago. Afflicted over 2 years. Cured.
J. C. D. Ross, 543 So. Union St., Chicago, Ill. Cured.
Karl Koeppen, 52nd St. and Ashland Av., Chicago. Cured. Was given up to die.
Mrs. C. Leuchtenberger, 332 Maxwell St., Chicago. Cured.
Mrs. Henry Holtslander, 348 So. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill. Cured.
Conrad Norton, Sr., Turner Park, Ill. Cured.
J. K. Stevens, photographer, McVicker's Theatre Bld'g., Chicago. Cured.
Casp. Wanner, La Porte, Ind. Cured.
Mrs. C. F. Gillam, Battle Institute Texas. Cured.
F. A. Dion, Chicago, Ill., cured Was a dyspeptic for 15 years.
Frederick Twick, 1014 Ninth St., Sheboygan, Wis. Had dyspepsia over thirty years. Cured.
Emil Schucht, 704 Michigan Av., Sheboygan, Wis. Troubled with indigestion for 7 years. Cured.
Maude Stephenson, 103 Walton Pl., Chicago. Cured.
Rev. C. A. Loeber, D. D., Chicago, Ill. Cured.
Rev. C. Krohn, Stevens Point, Wis. Cured.
Rev. C. Peisch, Des Moines, Iowa. Cured.

Space forbids adding more names. Almost daily letters come in, speaking kind words from grateful hearts; and we will willingly send testimonials upon application, some of which appear extravagant, but, nevertheless, they are true, for many of these persons believe they would now be numbered with the dead if it was not for the curative properties of Popp's German Stomach Powder.

---

## PRICES.

One Box containing 12 doses, 75 cents (2 doses to be taken each day).
One Box containing 16 doses, $1.00.
One Box Popp's Regulating Pills, 25 cents.
Five Boxes Popp's Regulating Pills, $1.00.
Mailed to any address upon receipt of price.

ADDRESS,

## POPP'S GERMAN STOMACH POWDER CO.,
## CHICAGO, ILL.

---

**SIMPLE. USEFUL. DURABLE.**

**COMPLETE IN ITSELF.**
**WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.**

IF "Cleanliness be next to Godliness," then you may be placed very near to Godliness, at a nominal expense, by purchasing our

## FOLDING AND SELF-HEATING BATH TUB.

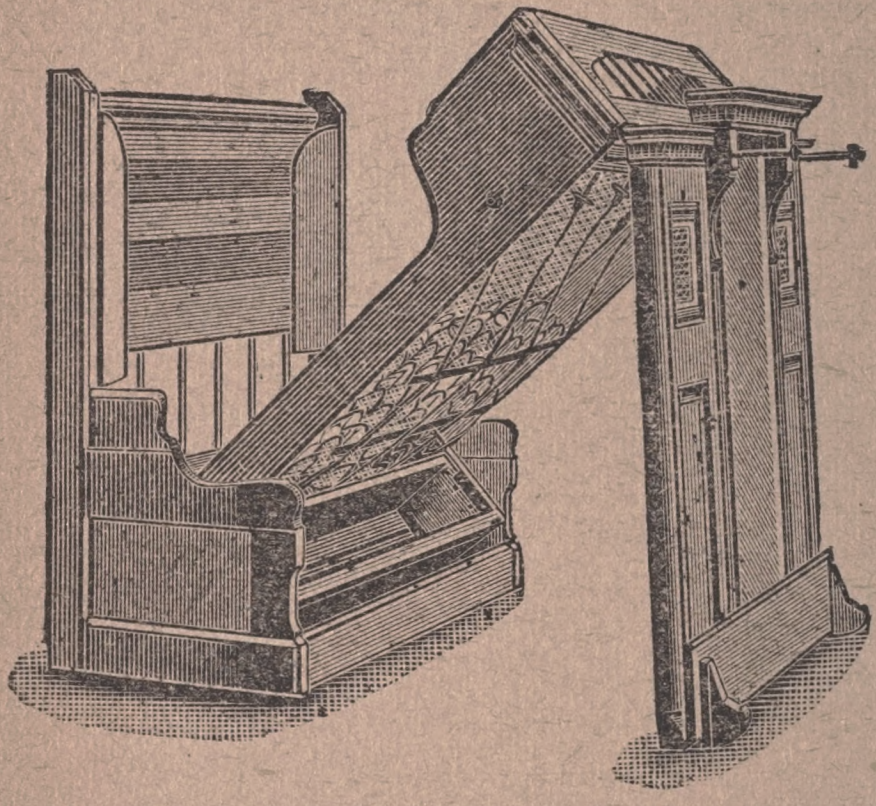
It may be placed in any room of the house.
Write us for descriptive circulars and prices.

**CHICAGO BATH TUB CO.,**
**57 S. CANAL ST., CHICAGO.**

writing, mention "A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR."

# Andrews "Gem" Folding Bed

## THE ONLY UPRIGHT BED NOT A BOX.



Any Lady or Child can easily adjust it to any position.

You would take no other bed as a GIFT after having seen this.

**Its Advantages over Any and All Others:**

**NO BUGS.**

**NO DUST.**

FIRST.—Any lady or child can easily open it, as represented, for cleaning.

SECOND.—Or they can take it apart for for moving.

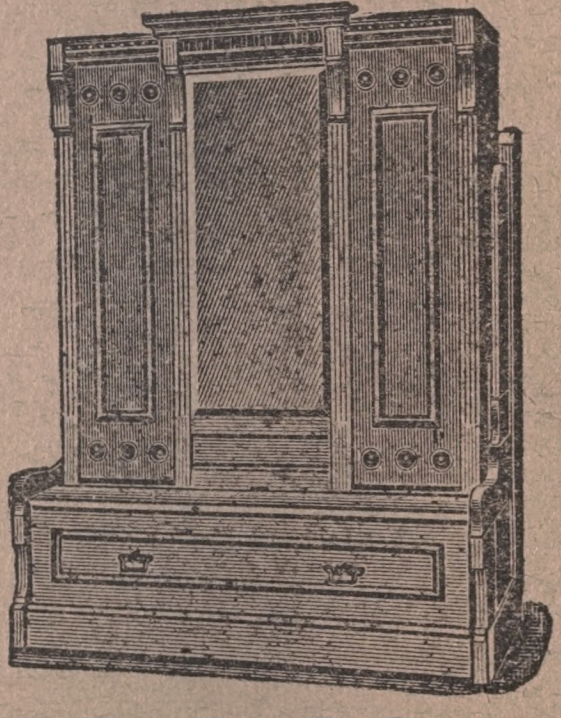
THIRD.—While its length, when opened, is GREATER than any other bed, when closed, its HEIGHT is 8 inches less.

FOURTH.—It is the BEST ventilated of all Folding Beds.

FIFTH.—It has it its base, a very large box, extremely useful, night or day.

SIXTH.—It is fitted with our adjustable cable spring, unequaled for comfort, simplicity and durability.

We are Sole Manufacturers and Guarantee Satisfaction.



## A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

215-217 Wabash Avenue, - - CHICAGO.

In writing, mention this book.

# NEW BOOKS.

## Any of the following Books sent PREPAID on receipt of HALF PRICE.

**"A Tale of the World's Fair."** By Tennyson. Illustrated. Giving the experience of an underwriter attending the Fair at Chicago, 1893. Price 25 cents.

**"Nye and Riley's Fun, Wit and Poetry."** By Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. Prose by Nye, Poetry by Riley. 225 pages of solid fun. Illustrated by McDougal, Zimmerman and others. Price 25 cents.

**"Bill Nye's Thinks."** A collection of some of the best thoughts that Bill Nye ever thunk. 192 pages. Price 25 cents.

**"Looking Forward."** By Tennyson. My visit to the World's Fair; who were there and what I saw. Excelling Jules Verne in imagination. An exceedingly interesting book. Should be read by all who expect to visit the World's Fair. Illustrated. Price 25 cents.

**"THE PEOPLE'S REFERENCE BOOK."** What to know and when to talk. A book of incalculable value, containing a fund of information and facts, most of which have never been published. Price 25 cents.

**"REMARKS BY BILL NYE,"** The Funniest of all Books. 150 illustrations. 500 pages. Handsomely bound in English Cloth, sprinkled edges, gold side and back. $3.00.

**"HOUGHTON'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS."** Embracing a history of the U. S., the Colonies and all Political Parties; also containing six highly colored diagrams, illustrating the workings of our Government at important periods. Finest sheep or library binding $4.00.

# AGENTS WANTED.

WRITE FOR TERMS AND TERRITORY.

Address,

**F. T. NEELY,**

BOOK AND MAP PUBLISHER, WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER,

323-325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

Send the name of one or more agents and enclose HALF PRICE for any of the above books and they will be sent PREPAID.

Any book published will be furnished on application.

---

In writing, mention "A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR."

HENRY WERNO

FIRST-CLASS TAILORING

—AT—

REASONABLE RRICES.

MERCHANT TAILOR

TACOMA BUILDING

CORNER OF

MADISON & LA SALLE STS.

CHICAGO.

In writing mention this book.

## Sample Brick Mailed Free.

# How To Be Beautiful.

## TOUJOURS JEUNE.

(Always Young.)

No woman can be beautiful without a clear complexion.

Josephine Moore, whose beauty has been the constant theme of conversation in society, discovered Toujours Jeune, and now supplies it from her large laboratory to those who may apply. Her great wealth enables her to send thousands of **SAMPLES FREE** to all parts of the world. She only asks 2 cts. in stamps for postage on each sample brick.

It is truly a godsend to woman. It removes sunburn, tan, freckles, pimples, blotches and blackheads. It contains no acids, glycerine or chemicals that will in the least injure the skin, but, on the contrary, it stimulates the cuticle and keeps the complexion brilliant. Can be used day or night. Always leaves the skin soft, and is positively the only preparation which will thoroughly cleanse the face of every foreign and improper substance without injuring the skin.

This is truly a wonderful complexion remedy, and is guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory in every respect. No money is asked of you, and it will cost you but two cents to test its value and find that it is all that is claimed for it. Price of Bricks, 30c, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Address, inclosing two-cent stamp,

**E. JOSEPHINE MOORE,**

70 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

---

In writing, mention this book.

EXTRA QUALITY

DUNLAP & Co.

COPYRIGHTED.

# CELEBRATED HATS

Correct Styles. Extra Quality.

## The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.

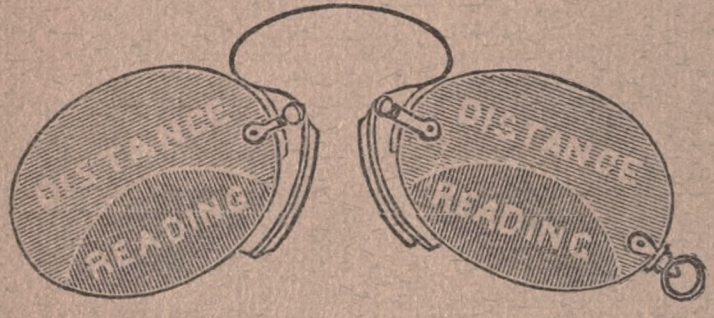
CHICAGO,—Palmer House.

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA.

5th Ave. and 23d St. 714 Chestnut St.

Agencies in all Principal Cities.

---




NEARLY 33 PER CENT OF ADULT HUMAN BEINGS

CAN HAVE THEIR

# EYE SIGHT

IMPROVED BY PROPERLY MADE GLASSES.

### ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

Life is too short for any one to feel satisfied with anything less than the best vision obtainable. We can give you that vision. Our facilities are unsurpassed, and our goods unquestionably the best. When unable to obtain comfort and good vision elsewhere consult us and you will not be disappointed.

Our Experts, in lenses for the eye, are of reputation and ability, who make all necessary examinations and succeed in relieving defective eye sight when others fail.

E. S. & W. S. FOWLER, OPTICIANS,
38 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

OPERA AND FIELD GLASSES OF SUPERLATIVE POWER.

---

In writing, mention this book.

Neely, Frank T.

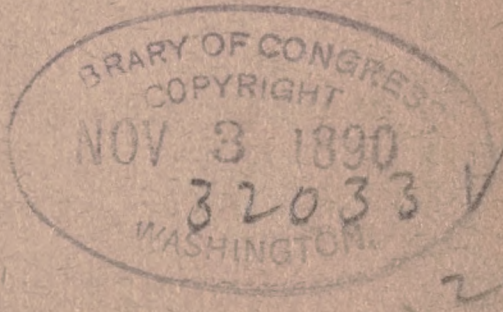
# A TALE

OF THE

# WORLD'S FAIR.

BY

TENNYSON.




COPYRIGHTED 1890.
F. T. NEELY.

CHICAGO:
F. T. NEELY.
1890.

PZ3
.N293T

# PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher respectfully begs to lay before the public this novel TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR. He indulges the hope that it will interest, amuse and instruct the readers who have already grown accustomed to the marvelous in this age of wonderful achievements. While the tale is fiction it is not wholly without the limits of the possible, or entirely within the field of the visionary. It will be observed that most of the events recorded embrace simply the attainment of discoveries, inventions and enterprises now actually commenced. It is, in a large sense, a prophecy—a forecast of the future.

It is firmly believed that this work will lead the Fair Commissioners and Directors, and all those interested, to look upon this great enterprise with a fuller faith in the possible achievements reasonable for man to accomplish under so favorable conditions and so inspiring circumstances. Behind this Exposition lies the story of four hundred eventful years of marvelous growth, and this little tale simply sets upon the pinnacle of this towering age the possible accomplishments of four stirring centuries. The vision is not altogether that of a dreamer. It is measurably the mathematical determination of the possibilities of the great forces now at work in moulding into form the sublime endeavors of the closing scenes in the fourth century of a country powerful in possessions and rich in all the resources of material advancement.

It is hoped and believed that this little volume will awaken a new patriotism and inspiration in the hearts of its readers, and lead them more fully to appreciate the sublime achievements of their country and the broad panoply it has thrown about their lives, their liberties and their pursuit of happiness.

THE PUBLISHER.

*To all the world this little tome*
*I cordially inscribe,*
*And may the peace of plenty come,*
*And with the world abide;*
*For all the world I wish might live*
*Of happiness an heir,*
*And for my friends I blessings give,*
*And for my foes a prayer.*

# CONTENTS.


HIGH EULOGY.....

OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Resplendent Day—The Vast Throng—The Wonderful Music of National Bands—The Chorus of Five Thousand Voices in Enchanting Song—The Grand Archway—The Standards of all Nations—The Grand Pageant—Welcome by the United States—The Art Hall—The Mammoth Amphitheatre—The Array of Crowned Heads—Opening Address by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew—Peroration of this Masterly Oration.....

A NIGHT AT THE FAIR.

Brilliancy of the Exposition at Night—Display of Illuminating Devices—Pyrotechnics—Electric Fountain—Prismatic Colors—Artificial Rainbow—Electric Storm—Phantoms—Lightning and Thunder—Tests of Fuel—Boiling Lake—Heated Atmosphere—Floating Islands—Burning Projectiles—In the Line of Perpetual Snow—A Square Mile of Burning Water—The Burning Lake of Naphtha Vapor—Rolling Tide of Flame—A Mountain of Fire—The Splendor of Bursting Meteors.....

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

First Since the Roman Times—America on the Stage—The Boxes and the Potentates—The Oriental Despots—The Electric Lights—France—Great Britain—Germany—The College of Cardinals—The President's Speech—Colonel Ingersoll's Oration—Announcement by Secretary Blaine—Responses by Caprivi and Gladstone—Mr. Peck..

SOLDIERS' DAY AT THE FAIR.

The Greatest Military Parade of the World—The Last Review Before the Disbandment of the Armies—Preparations for the Great Day—Stately Lines of Gold and Steel—Decoration Day—The Solemn Commemoration of the Fallen Brave—The Graves of the Dead Decorated with a Profusion of Bloom—Unveiling of Cenotaphs to the Southern and Foreign Dead—The Discovery of a Remarkable Poem—The Authorship a Mystery—A Reward of $2,500 Offered for the Discovery of the Writer.....

LADIES' DAY AT THE FAIR.

Woman's World Astir—The Prayer—The Immortal Nine—Chivalry of Nineteenth Century America—Gallantry Turned Loose in the Reign of the Dog Star—Grand Exhibition of Courtesy—A Ladies' National Commission Appointed—The Commission Limited for Financial Reasons—Convention of the National Board—Discussion of Great Issues of Vital Importance—Wave of Advanced Thought. Buddhism—The Occult—Hypnotism—Theosophy—Nirvana—Scenes at the Fair—The Nation's Great Ladies—Allurements of the Booth—Rare Collection of Beauty—The Blaze of Noonday—The Close at Evening.....

## GREATEST RACES OF THE WORLD.

The Great Running and Trotting Races at the Fair—Sixty-three Fliers are Entered for a Purse of $1,000,000—The Prince of Wales, Kaiser Wilhelm and Caprivi Heavy Betters—France Backs Constitution—America Divided—California Bows to Kentucky—Millions of Dollars Change Hands—Six Entries in the Great Trotting Race—An 850,000 Dollar Purse—Excitement Turned Loose—Checks and Securities Melt Out of Sight—Bootblacks Become Millionaires—The Triumph of Equine Speed—The Renown of the American Course..

## THE INTERNATIONAL BANQUET.

The Crown of Festal Glory—The Congress of Nations—The Federation of the World—The Splendor and Pageantry of all Nations—Royalty Feasted in Republican Style—The Palace of Banqueting Halls—The Triumph of Architectural Art and Engineering Skill—The Realization of the Decorator's Dream—The Magic of Transformation—A Canopy of the Standards of Nations—The Dome of Silver and Gold—The National Feast of all Nations—The Panorama of the Past—The Dream of Universal Peace—The Climax of International Amity—The Hymn of the Brotherhood of Nations.....

## A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

Closing Scenes of the World's Fair—Description of Displays—Products of Advanced Science and Art—A Little Blaze, a Flash, a Leaping Flame—The Alarm—Flying Engines and Wild Men—Fire Boats in Lake Bellamy and Lake Michigan—The Flaming Petroleum Refinery—Firemen Fall Back from Death—A Rolling, Boiling Sea of Fire—Billows of Flame Sweep over the French and Russian Barracks—The Arsenal of Dynamite Wrapped in Flames—Great Loss of Valuable Property—The Insurance Placed—Its Prompt Adjustment and Payment—Solemn Ending of the Nation's Great Jubilee..

## THE ROYAL EXCURSION.

Its Bearing on International Commerce and Amity—The New World Opened up—The Royal Guests—The Triumph of Transportation—Oriental Splendor and Luxury—A Train of Twenty Sections—Courtesy of Railroad Officials—Down to the Beautiful Virginia—White Sulphur Springs—Banquet and Ball—Toasts by Mr. D. Ostrander, the Prince of Wales, President Carnot, Caprivi and others—Down to Florida—An Ovation—Rock Ledge, Florida—A Feast for the Gods—Speech-making and Merriment—On through the South—The Return—Honors to T. R. Burch.....

THE FINEST MAP EVER PUBLISHED.

"HOUGHTON'S NEW REVERSIBLE

# Political and United States Map Combined."

By WALTER R. HOUGHTON, A. M.

**THE DOUBLE MAP CONTAINS:**

**A Complete Map of the United States** (Latest correction, Rand, McNally & Co.)

**A Complete Map of the World.**

**Map of the Solar System—best ever made.**

**Diagrams Showing all the Presidents and Cabinets; The Naval Tonnage of Each Nation; Political Complexion of Each Congress; Showing all the Political Parties; Showing the Standing Armies of Each Nation.**

**The History of Colonial Politics; Revolutionary Politics. History of the Confederation. History of the U. S. Government by Congresses and by Administrations.**

**An Analysis of the Federal Government. Valuable Statistics on Debts, Revenues and Expenditures.**

**Issues of all Political Parties.**

**The History of all Political Parties Which Have Existed in this Country.**

This is given by means of an original diagram by Professor Houghton, which is more than a foot in width and five feet in length. Colored streams, flowing from left to right across the map represent the various parties. This diagram presents vividly the outlines of our entire political history, and has appeared in other works of the author, being received with admiration by politicians, statesmen and educators, who have rendered these

## RECOMMENDATIONS.

From A. R. SPOFFORD, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.—"The novelty of the plan exhibiting by graphic diagrams a complete synchronology of American political history is carried out with admirable ingenuity, and the work may fairly be termed a Breviary of American politics."

From the HON. S. S. COX.—"The labor of collating and illustrating such a vast range of topics must have been enormous, but it is done in such a perspicuous style, and with such aids to the eye in the diagrams, that it must be appreciated. Only one work is comparable with it—the 'Statistical Atlas' by the Government—and to say this is high eulogy.

**"Rand, McNally & Co.'s New Railroad and County Map of the United States" is printed on the back, and is revised to date. It alone sells for $3.** Size, 46x66.

The COMPLETE MAP printed on both sides, 46x66 inches. Mounted on rollers, with tape on sides. Price, $5. GUARANTEED to be as represented or money REFUNDED.

**This Map should be in every Home, School, Office and Library.** Send for descriptive circular and 28-page catalogue of Bibles, Albums, Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Address,

**F. T. NEELY,**

BOOK AND MAP PUBLISHER AND WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER,

**323 & 325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.**

A complete copy of this GREAT MAP, as above described, will be sent by EXPRESS, PREPAID, on receipt of HALF PRICE and the name of one or more good agents.

In writing, mention this book.

# HIGH EULOGY.

The following letter was received by the author of "A Tale of The World's Fair" from an eminent author and critic, to whom the proof sheets of the book had been shown:

*My Dear Sir:* The General Agent has submitted for my examination the additional pages prepared by you in regard to the banquet, and your chapter describing the climacteric catastrophe of the great World's Fair, and while I wish to express my delight on account of your description of this highly interesting and exciting event, I am compelled to confess that it will be a week before my nerves will get back to their normal condition. It is an hour since reading your account of the great fire, and still my hair stands on end "like quills o'er fretful porcupines." Fear fills my veins and disturbs my nerves. I tremble to be on the tenth floor of even so safe a building as this; I fear to go into the streets and to return to my home. This terrible conflagration is before my eyes; it is an emotion which fills my whole being with dread and apprehension. Sleep will be banished from my eyelids; every noise in the street, even the beating of the rain against the panes, or any unusual sound will cause my imagination to take alarm. I shall see fire even on the crest of the waves, and hear its fierce, devouring voice even in the softest whispers of my best girl.

As a work of art, as a picture of the imagination, and for graphic description, I know nothing that excels it in the English language. Accept my congratulations.

A copy of this great book will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Address the publisher, F. T. NEELY, 323–325 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

# Western Journalist,

*A Magazine for*
*Publishers, Writers and*
*Newspaper Folk.*

Contains serial articles by trained writers on a variety of subjects of interest to literary workers and people of the press. Also, news and gossip from all parts of the journalistic field by bright and experienced correspondents.

A special feature being notes on noted newspaper men throughout the country, their whereabouts and what they are doing.

## A Valuable Medium of Advertising

among people who use paper, presses, inks, stationery, typewriters, painters' and artists' materials and everything required by printers and literary workers.

**One Dollar for Twelve Numbers. Published monthly by**

**FRANK B. WELCH,**

**105 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.**

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

## OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Resplendent Day — The Vast Throng — The Wonderful Music of National Bands — The Chorus of Five Thousand Voices in Enchanting Song—The Grand Archway—The Standards of all Nations — The Grand Pageant — Welcome by the United States—The Art Hall—The Mammoth Amphitheatre — The Array of Crowned Heads — Opening Address by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew — Peroration of this Masterly Oration.

THE day had dawned. The sun was never brighter, and never a day more glorious. Nature had paused in her flurry and fret to witness the event. To-day the Fair opens, and as I sail around in my air ship and look down upon the Lake Front and Jackson Park, I do not dream that directors ever quarreled over a site for the World's Columbian Exposition, or that a hundred women, more or less, were appointed as commissioners and directors to "purify the politics" of the sterner sex. To-day I am convinced that Director General Davis, President Palmer and President Gage knew what they were doing all the time, while the clamorous and impatient populace feared they were not keeping up with the band wagon. The Fair is a success, and as I look down on Lake Front I see this morning a numberless throng standing before the grand entrance awaiting the opening ceremonies. I will not describe that endless multitude. You do not want it. You have seen crowds, but never the Columbian Exposition. You can see the crowd after you get in, but you never can see this marble archway—the grand gateway to the Fair—but once, and then you will never forget it.

You will dream of it, you will tell your children and grandchildren of it, and some of you will begin to write a poem of it, but you will never finish it; some artist will attempt to paint a picture of it, but he will never succeed. Its charms cannot be sung, its beauties cannot be painted. The harp's great heart would break and the brush grow faint. But you may see it, for soon the veil will be drawn.

You stand with your face toward the rising sun, looking across the beautiful Michigan Boulevard, decorated in all the gorgeousness of a nation's birthday. All you see now is a great illuminated canvas bearing the two hemispheres with every country indicated, above which is the simple word "Welcome" in letters of gold. The crowd gazes upon this, impatient for the hour for opening. The people gathered early and will have to content themselves with waiting.

Finally from the brazen mouth of the great Columbian Bell high up in the Tower of America, pealed forth one clear, reverberating note. Immediately there appeared to the south of the arch the national bands of each country, and to the north, a chorus of five thousand voices. When this dazzling array of glittering uniforms, banners, and emblems rose to view, a cheer welled up from the assemblage which jarred from the Bell of Columbia the muffled tones which bounded back like the mingled voices of the spirits of the clouds.

At the signal the bands struck up a medley composed of all the national airs of the world, and the sublime strains rose on the still morning air and swelled and rolled and throbbed, rejoicing in a new harmony, revelling in the newly found soul of divinest melody. The instruments ceased but the melody hung above that vast audience, trembled, wavered, grew faint and died out up in the sunlight, high up in the azure, away up somewhere near the portals of paradise. Not a lip moved and silence as profound as uncreated worlds fell upon the throng. But when the enchantment of those grand strains was lifted, the great breast of that vast multitude heaved and "Gloria—Amen!" followed the departed melody to heaven.

To the north of the great archway a low chant began, tremulous and tender. A few mellow voices were rising in a melody sweet and entrancing. The chant slowly died away into silence. Then one voice rose amid that chorus of five thousand souls, strong, musical and faultless, and there stood out to view, wrapped in the American colors, the enchantress of melody—the sorceress of the world of song. The soft tones swayed, rose, and fell and floated out like the mellow notes from the very spirit of song. As the voice climbed up, pouring out its silvery notes fuller and stronger, it was joined by the chorus whose voices swelled gradually and rhythmically the outpouring song, until five thousand voices burst forth in one grand refrain and held above the audience a throbbing, swelling, pulsing, mounting burst of song that echoed from the hearts of mortals to the shores of the infinite. Such melody was never before heard, and never will be. Children clung to their mother's robes, women kneeled as if in prayer, or stood with hands uplifted in the silent attitude of praise. Strongmen bowed and wept or lifted up their faces in mute reverence, and stood with uncovered heads as if in the sacred presence of some great holiness. The voices rose louder, trembled, quavered, surged and pealed in one storm of song that mounted, burst and fell. In the calm that settled like a dreaming spirit upon the throng, that one sweet voice, full of divinest tenderness and melody, lingered upon the words,

> To thee, O Columbia, we raise a new altar,
> And christen thy land the love-land of Peace,

and then all was still. Not a voice was heard. The applause was given in tears and reverently whispered amens.

Again the great bell rang, and the illuminated canvas rolled up from view, revealing the grand marble archway adorned with silver and gold. It was made of sections. Each side rested on a foundation chiseled in the form of huge tablets of laws. Above these rose the triumph of architecture and sculpture. The sections of the arch were beautifully carved and represented every nation

of the globe, the key-stone being the United States. Triumphal arches, arches of gold and silver have been erected, but in richness, in design, in beauty and in the perfection of grace there is nothing with which to compare this. Hanging in this archway and completely closing the entrance, was another beautifully adorned canvas, bearing in letters of pearl the one word, "Peace." This hung a moment to view and was rolled up, revealing the British flag. This was raised, giving to view the German banner. Thus on in quick succession were the banners of every nation presented, each one completely closing the entrance and concealing what was next behind it. Finally the Stars and Stripes hung in silken folds before the throng. For a moment longer it hung, then slowly rose, bringing to view a life-sized statue of Columbus, upon which beamed the soft rays of unseen electric lights. Here the multitude first found its voice since the enchantment of song struck it mute, and cheer on cheer burst forth in enthusiastic approbation. The flags were looped up inside the arch and wreathed with the olive. The gateway was opened, and, while the bands and chorus alternately burst forth in music and song, the sovereigns of the nations passed through in their decorated chariots, and were received by the President of the United States, his Cabinet, Foreign Ministry, the Senate and House of Representatives, assisted by the governors and staff of every state. Following the nations were their respective delegations, high officials, minor officers and citizens.

Inside the ground a vision of beauty broke into view. The grounds were adorned as courts and the buildings rose as palaces surpassing in splendor the most gorgeous and extravagant of the world. The gilded columns of the Art Hall were adorned by the highest skill of the decorator's art, and its silver dome, rising 527 feet in the center of the grounds, reflected the sunlight and tinted with gold the statues, columns, arches and buildings about it. The sublimity of the scene, the boldness of architecture and, withal, its

grace, the anchored air ships, the aerial chariots, and the grand tribute of art, made a picture that may have been read of in tales of enchantment, but which has never been seen and never will be again as a living, tangible reality.

To the south of the Art Hall was erected a spacious amphitheatre, at the southern portion of which rose a platform glittering in splendor. On this were soon seated the sovereigns of all nations and their high official representatives. To the front and at either side sat the President, his Cabinet, the diplomatic corps and the National Legislature. On each side of the speaker's stand sat the World's Fair Commissioners, the Directorate, and their officers. In front on the circling tiers of seats sat an audience the like of which orator had never before addressed nor eye had ever seen.

The stand was filled and the audience seated ready for the opening address, the greatest effort of the great orator's life. The occasion was grand and inspiring, and the audience in sympathy with the great event.

Director General Davis rose before that vast assemblage, amid kings, queens and potentates, and, in a short speech full of feeling and eloquence, introduced the orator of the occasion, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

As the eloquent orator rose and stepped forward, looking every inch the elegant gentleman that he is, he was received with true American style, enthusiasm and admiration bursting forth in one prolonged applause. When the applause wore itself out and died down, and ears were leaned toward the speaker, his clear tones rang out over that vast assemblage, musical as a bugle note. So perfect were the acoustic arrangements of the stand that the orator's every syllable was distinctly heard by the millions of people before him.

Never before did such words fall from the lips of mortal man. He spoke as one having inspiration. Elegant, ornate, eloquent and full of wisdom his address swayed the multitude before him with all the emotions that could be touched by the words of man. Eyes

wept and lips rejoiced. Hands fell in holy reverence and raised in praise. A multitude as the mind of one man rose to the height and breadth of oratory and swayed to the touch of a single thought. The spectacle was sublime and indescribable.

Did space permit the entire oration should be here recorded, but it does not. The reader must be satisfied with the close of the peroration which bore a eulogy to the home of the great World's Fair, the land of freedom, the last, long abiding place of liberty—America.

With inspiration illuming every feature and in perfect touch and harmony with his audience, continuing the orator said:

"America! Four hundred years have made thy giant steps of progress shake the world. Four hundred years have reared thy granite monument of states to universal liberty and peace. Four hundred years have raised the flag of universal truce and entwined thy brow with the olive and the bay. Four hundred years have spread that reverent kiss, that first touch of civilization, until thy fair fields are made to blossom as the rose. Four hundred years have spread the fields of plenty to the touch of husbandry, and labor looks up and smiles amid its toil. Four hundred years have reared our halls of learning, and the sweet wine of truth flows from the vintage of the Lord. Four hundred years have echoed the sweet voice of freedom from where rolls the Atlantic to where rocks the Pacific in heart-heaving harmonies voiced but for thee. Four hundred years have heralded thy name to every shore and made its accents sweet to those oppressed of every tongue and every clime. Thy people, reared amid the music of their daily toil, whose hands were used to guide the implements of husbandry, were not unfit to wield the sword or man the instruments of war. Storm clouds and angry winds of battle have spread a desolation vast, and made thy soil most precious with thy dead, but peace, dove-like, returned and laid the olive branch upon the grave of buried strife. Thy land is broad, thy cities great, thy rule is freedom and thy king is God."

Thus with pageantry and parade, with music and song, with emblems, welcome and peace, with gold and glitter and the triumph of art, with the pomp and dignity of state, with the pride and hope of America, with the eloquence of silvery-tongued speech, and in a blaze of glory was the great World's Columbian Exposition opened.

## A NIGHT AT THE FAIR.

Brilliancy of the Exposition at Night—Display of Illuminating Devices—Pyrotechnics—Electric Fountain—Prismatic Colors—Artificial Rainbow—Electric Storm—Phantoms—Lightning and Thunder—Tests of Fuel—Boiling Lake—Heated Atmosphere—Floating Islands—Burning Projectiles—In the Line of Perpetual Snow—A Square Mile of Burning Water—The Burning Lake of Naphtha Vapor—Rolling Tide of Flame—A Mountain of Fire—The Splendor of Bursting Meteors.

THE Fair on almost any night was enjoyable. The emotions excited by the magnitude of interesting displays, by the sense of immensity, the consciousness of vastness on every hand, were magnified by the shadows that fell at night, rendering dim and uncertain outlines grotesque and phantom-like. While the grounds were brilliantly lighted with electricity, and, ordinarily, shed a daylight refulgence upon the entire area, on this particular night these lights were modified to meet the necessities of the wonderful exhibitions given. The night was set apart for the display of all illuminating devices, pyrotechnics, fuels, explosives, illusions and interests of this class. The night was wholly given to amusements, and stands among the many noted successes of the Fair.

The exhibition was given on Lake Front, and out upon floating islands, booths, vessels and floats on the waters of Lake Michigan. Tiers of seats extending two hundred feet high encircled the park on the north, west and south, on which the visitors were disposed in the most comfortable and orderly fashion. On the upper balconies of the Art Hall were placed the Mexican, Marine, English, German and

French bands, which interspersed the many thrilling scenes with sublime music.

At eight o'clock the great bell of Columbia boomed forth the hour of opening. No programmes had been distributed, but on a canvas six hundred feet above, a huge magic lantern cast the announcement of the performances as the exhibition proceeded.

As the heavy tones of the bell were lost out in the dense darkness over Lake Michigan, a soft silvery moon-like light bathed the silent scene in the mellow radiance of an Italian sunset. So restful was the picture, so serene, so tranquil, so calm, so quiet that the dream of an archangel could not have been a more soothing and holy vision. Gradually rays of light, falling from unseen sources, almost imperceptibly increased the light until a radiance flooded that gorgeous scene in which the beams of the meridian sun would have cast a shadow. The fountains flashed like molten silver; the water lay like lakes of rippling diamonds; the earth glowed like gold; windows shone like stars, and the great dome of the Art Hall rose like a ball of fire. For a moment this dazzling brightness gleamed, quivered, shimmered like palpitating flame, then with mingled shades of green, blue, red, yellow, crimson and pink, faded out into total darkness.

Near the center of the grounds an electric fountain shot a stream of yellowish white four hundred feet straight into the night. For a moment it gleamed like seething flame shedding abroad a light of fickle and uncertain hues; then, with the mingled sounds of leaping torrents, a thousand streams, flashing with all the prismatic colors, danced like spectres in their orgies of the night, and fell to the pool which lay like a lake of burning oil. At this moment all the illuminating devices present burst forth, mingling their rays of many tints in one grand flood of light, until it seemed as if the very air itself was on fire. Throughout the grounds these illuminating stands had been arranged, and at this moment they were giving an exhibition in the advanced art of illumination that could not be eclipsed by the flaming world itself. The changing lines of the lights were shifted in intensity and form until, at the close, was exhibited a gigantic arch spanning the entire park, radi-

ant with all the cclors of the rainbow. This was greeted with one loud, long demonstration of joy from the millions of people assembled.

Along the edge of the lake were myriads of glass tubes suspended two hundred feet in length, having broken metal centers. These were connected at the top by an electric wire and reached to the earth. As the rainbow faded from sight and darkness settled over the scene, the switch was turned and a shower of fire fell along the water's edge. From some place out of the night sheets of lightning would flash, followed by the hoarse voice of jarring thunder, adding a sense of terror to the magnificent spectacle of the electric shower. Finally a dazzling, blinding flash of lightning shot athwart the half-illumined scene, a deafening peal of thunder came and all was dark, black as the burned-out sun.

Close down by the lake a blue flame rose, flickered and flashed up and danced like a merry sprite clothed in the reflection of glow-worms. A pale, ghostly light touched the rippling surface of the water, and a strange sense of uneasiness and unrest settled down upon the throng. Leaping a little higher the blue flame became tipped with white and rimmed with all the primary colors. Presently there came a flash that lighted up the grounds with the brilliancy of lightning, and instantly to the south and to the north balls of fire rolled and cracked and smoked and sparkled like burning steel. This was the beginning of the grand pyrotechnic display, and as these balls of fire rolled along—one to the south, the other to the north—they ignited the different works, and such an exhibition of pyrotechnic skill was never before seen. From the little spark floating out in the darkness to the screaming rockets that tore pathways of fire through the night, and the sheets of flame that waved and cracked and roared a thousand feet above, the scene was one of intense excitement and indescribable magnitude. Emblems, delicately wrought devices, huge portraits, grotesque shapes, hideous spectres, savage beasts, battle scenes, burning ships, funeral pyres, hanging gardens, hissing serpents, sea monsters, flaming forests, burning plains, the infernal regions and horrible demons would blaze to view and go out with a flash of lightning and voice of thunder. For

half an hour this display, filled with excitement, almost terror, raged along the lake front, then burned out to the south and burned out to the north. For one second darkness fell, then a white-robed angel in billows of clouds hung above the waters for a moment, and the grandest display of fire works the world will ever see was over.

Then were the exhibitions made with fuels of different natures. These were private enterprises but of a very attractive, entertaining and extensive character. The advancement of the past few years in this direction has been marvelous. If the next generation witnesses the strides of progress the present has made, the fuel will be drawn from air and water, and a point of flame will be as effective in heat force as furnaces of coals are to-day.

The first exhibition given consisted of demonstrating the properties of compressed gas. Out on one of the floating islands on the lake a stack of these blocks was made about one hundred tons in weight. This was fired, and in twenty minutes water dipped up from the lake a quarter of a mile away from the burning island would boil an egg thoroughly done in two minutes. At the close of this, a block of fuel made of the condensed vapor extracted from a substance found in the natural gas fields was projected a thousand feet upward and ignited by a graduated fuse, and instantly the air fell withering to the earth. Another block was projected into the line of perpetual snow, and in a short time a gentle shower fell, much to the relief of the people who were panting in the heated air caused by the burning of the former block. A half ounce of flammine, a newly-discovered substance, was placed on a square foot of solid steel and ignited by a long fuse. In three minutes it melted a straight and even hole about two-thirds of the way through the block. Several exhibitions of speed were given by the vessels in the lake under the use of different fuels, in order to test the efficacy of each. It was discovered that flammine was the most powerful, but was not the most practical, because no substance had yet been discovered with which to construct a fire box that would resist the intense heat for more than an hour. After the conclusion of this race, which in itself was quite a feature of the evening, the lake was cleared

of vessels, floating islands, booths, etc., and one of the grandest and most terrorizing spectacles ever beheld was exhibited.

By a system of pipes which had previously been laid at a certain depth beneath the surface of water, a square mile of the lake was covered with naphtha vapor, mixed with various colored matters and made of different degrees of inflammability. This was ignited by a rocket sent skimming along the outer edge, and at once there arose a flame of many hues and began to roll toward the shore. At first it seemed as if the rising sun had flung her fiery train upon the waters and thrown her flaming locks above the sea. It was an inspiring sight, and the multitude sat entranced with mingled emotions awakened by the sublime and the terrible. On rolled the billows of flame and the shifting hues flashed back lights faint, uncertain, brilliant and intense. Higher the waves of fire mounted and roared, gleamed and boiled as if the great depths of the lake were bubbling up in seething founts of fire. As if exhausted by the violence of its own efforts it settled down at length until but an undulating line of light could be seen along the water's rim. Along the northern edge a red mist rose and turned to a wall of living flame. To the east and south, fiery bolts shot up with cannon-like reports, and the hissing, writhing water mounted up in sheets of steam. The scene was now one of wildest terror. Flames were mounting mountain high and rolling like billows of burning water toward the center. A flash along the shore, and out to meet the inrushing tide of flame, rolled the burning waves, shooting their lightning flashes out into the gleaming rents of night. Fiercely the tides rolled on, gathering in force and volume, rising in height and intensity, for the final effort; mounting a hundred feet above the boiling, hissing water the four walls of leaping flame rushed like winged meteors to the center and burst into a thousand writhing, twisting, lapping flames that screamed and moaned and shrieked, like the defeated hosts falling down the walls of heaven.

The electric lights were turned on and the audience filed out subdued to silence by the sublimed spectacle they had witnessed.

## THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

First Since the Roman Times—America on the Stage—The Boxes and the Potentates—The Oriental Despots—The Electric Lights—France—Great Britain—Germany—The College of Cardinals—The President's Speech—Colonel Ingersoll's Oration—Announcement by Secretary Blaine—Responses by Caprivi and Gladstone—Mr. Peck.

NO ceremonial event has ever approached last night's reception at the Auditorium. Seats for 8,000 souls were provided, and infinite care was taken to apportion the space to the nations in the order of their rank and the numerical character of their attendance.

This splendid event, the first of its kind in the history of the modern world, was arranged with such tact, and perfected with such good nature and unselfishness, that the *amour propre* of the weakest nation was conserved. The smallest republic of the Alps, Pyrenees or Andes had as little of which it might complain as the ten Russias, or the vast conglomeration of Austrian realms.

The American delegation was seated in the rear of the stage. Upon the three front chairs sat the president, the governor and the mayor. Behind them were ranged the forty-two remaining governors. Next came the cabinet, the Supreme Court, the army, the navy, the Senate, the House, the delegation of letters, of art, of science, of law, of the pulpit, of agriculture, of manufacture. Next sat the mayors of all cities with over 10,000 inhabitants. Next came a body of 1,000 judges, chosen as delegates of the national judiciary.

The press was represented alone by its working force, a body of 1,000 of the most skilful writers of the age.

In the boxes sat her majesty, the queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and empress of India. Directly opposite was the czar of Russia, surrounded by grand dukes, with the chancellor, M. De Giers. Beside this box was the box of Kaiser Wilhelm. Beside her majesty Kaiser Franz Josef was placed. In other boxes were the president of France, the president of Brazil, the king of Italy, the king of Portugal, the queen regent and king of Spain, the shah of Persia, the sultan or grand seignior, the king of Denmark, the king of the Netherlands, the king of Norway and Sweden, the various German reigning princes, the rulers of the minor republics, and the reigning princes of the East. The holy father alone was absent.

Screened from public view were the *loges* of the emperor of China, the emperor of Japan, and a half-dozen other Oriental monarchs, whose desire to visit the World's Fair became known at the last moment, and, together with the visits of the grand seigniors, have given the managers no end of anxiety, and caused unheard-of fatigue at headquarters.

It cannot be amiss to speak of the care with which the Auditorium was lighted. As at the national convention of June, which sat here, the spaces on the floor and in the galleries were marked with electric lights. For instance, the inclosure marked "France" carries those letters in colored lights at every gate, while the bounds of the delegation are cleverly traced in miniature lights of red, white and blue.

Prominent in the apartment of France sat the Academy of France in full dress of office. We noticed Dr. Pasteur, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, the present ministry, the prefects of ten leading departments, including the cities of Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lille, Paris, Havre and Nancy. The French Senate and Chamber were well represented. The Academy of Paris sent twenty professors. The French band received an ovation on its return to these shores.

In the seats of England sat Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, the Cabinet, the Peers and the Commons ; the great societies ; Tennyson, Swinburne and many other poets ; Froude, Green, Birrill, Lang, and many authors, the lord mayors of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester ; a hundred generals and admirals of the army and navy, headed by Wolsely ; Cardinal Manning and his clergy ; the archbishops of the Established Church and their distinguished bishops and canons ; one hundred judges and barristers ; and a picked delegation of 500 representative employes of the empire.

While the delegation of Austria and Prussia were not so complete, it can be said that Germany, on the other hand, furnished even a more august category of illustrious and important personages. At the front of these was the great Caprivi, probably as much noticed as any occupant of chair or box. Beside him was Von Moltke. The Council and Legislature of Prussia, the Council and Legislature of the empire, the Legislatures of Bavaria, Saxony and other German kingdoms, seemed to be *en masse*. The army and navy, both of vast dimensions, of course, filled the space with flashing uniforms. The universities were given seats of honor in the rear of Caprivi.

The College of Cardinals made a spectacle which was clearly a feature of the evening. Their presence was a subject of much congratulation among the Catholic nations.

Pages ran with invitations from every box, offering hospitality to Caprivi and Gladstone. A sensation was caused by the final acceptance of these offers, when Caprivi was seen to enter the box of the Chinese emperor, and Gladstone was beheld at the side of the screen which shut the Mikado from public view. It is understood that this programme was suggested by the czar, as it was known that the presence of Gladstone and Caprivi in the parquette would delay and obstruct the ceremonies. Kalnoky, Castelar, Verdi and Gounod were much noticed.

The reader should not be offered a longer or more careful bill of particulars, neither is there space to record the thousand genial courtesies which passed from nation to nation. These may be found at length in the daily press.

At nine o'clock everybody was in place. At that moment the president arose, and was greeted with such acclaim as the Europeans bestow on their rulers. At the close, the British Grenadiers played the "Exposition Overture" by Verdi. The governor and the mayor followed the French band, and the German band interspersed the special compositions of Gounod and Ambroise Thomas.

The oration for America, by Robert G. Ingersoll, and the poem by James Whitcomb Riley, are in print. They were cheered to the echo, for such was the spirit of good will that nothing could pass without approval. It may be said of Ingersoll, besides, that competent judges declared his effort to be the most beautiful tribute that ever fell from human lips.

Well might this advocate be stirred to the deepest font of his eloquence. The first of orators, he addressed the first delegated group which this world has offered to modern times. To this sublime inspiration was added the knowledge of Secretary Blaine's forthcoming announcement, for, no sooner had died away the acclamations that followed Ingersoll's closing syllables, than Mr. Blaine begged to offer to the world the first intimation of the success of the Conference of Kings. By the terms of the cartel already drawn every army in Europe would be diminished one-half at New Year's. Even the vast delegation of German and French officers cheered upon this deliverance, and Ingersoll made bold to call for Gladstone and Caprivi, whose impromptu addresses from the boxes gave an unexpected and dramatic finale to the greatest scene recorded so far in history.

There was not a mishap or a misadventure. The organ pealed its afterpiece at precisely eleven o'clock, and at 11:30 there was not a carriage or a sound on either side of the vast granite structure.

The men who made the Auditorium were able to fill and empty the edifice without an improper admission, and without an invasion of the rigid etiquette which monarchs maintain.

Mr. Peck has accepted many decorations, by virtue of the special favor of Congress. There was a widespread desire to see him last night, which he did not have time or disposition to gratify.

## SOLDIERS' DAY AT THE FAIR.

The Greatest Military Parade of the World—The Last Review Before the Disbandment of the Armies—Preparations for the Great Day—Stately Lines of Gold and Steel — Decoration Day—The Solemn Commemoration of the Fallen Brave—the Graves of the Dead Decorated With a Profusion of Bloom—Unveiling of Cenotaphs to the Southern and Foreign Dead—The Discovery of a Remarkable Poem—The Authorship a Mystery—A Reward of $2,500 Offered for the Discovery of the Writer.

IT WILL be understood that, notwithstanding the declaration of international peace and the provisions for disbanding armies, no soldiers had yet been discharged, as the peace declarations had not gone into effect. So it was arranged for the soldiers to have a day at the Fair and give one of the grandest parades and reviews ever witnessed. New York had had her naval display, and that event was to be entirely eclipsed by the martial array of this day. Picked detachments of foreign troops had been transported for this occasion, placed in camp and put in readiness for the parade.

The arrangement of details and the general management of the affair were given into the hands of a committee of the soldiery of this country. After due deliberation, it was determined to set apart Decoration Day as the day on which to hold their reunion, their review, and also perform a sacred duty in observing the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves. It was a beautiful conception to have the soldiers of all lands, forgetful of all wars and

animosities, join in one common commemoration of their fellow-comrades. The happy sentiment suggested in this so appealed to the hearts of the soldiery and the common country, that a day was gladly given up for this object alone.

There had to be a limit placed somewhere on the soldiers in line, and by general consent it was fixed at 300,000 officers and men. This included infantry, cavalry and artillery, each nation being represented by each department of service. It is needless to say that the flower of all armies was chosen to appear in this great international review and parade. The finest and best drilled men were called out, and all were equipped in dazzling uniforms and burnished accoutrements. One could not look upon these long lines of sturdy soldiers, these stalwart men trained for war, without realizing to what great waste do wars lead. Think of the vast standing armies of the world, taken from the fields of labor and production, and maintained in idleness so far as material national growth is concerned, and at what enormous expense! The greatest day in all military history was that on which the Convention of Nations issued its declaration for the disbandment of armies.

The programme for Decoration Day was, first, the parade and review, the decoration of graves, the unveiling of two cenotaphs at Lake Front, and exhibition drills. Early on the morning of the day a twenty-inch gun was fired at the French barracks as a signal for rising. Bugles and drum beats were heard throughout the camps, and soon all was life and bustle. All the civil demonstrations of the days before had given way to the gorgeous display of military parade. The martial bands, the voice of command, the clash of arms, the clatter of hoofs, the rumble of wheels, the tramp of men, the shrill calls of bugles were music to the soldiers' ears and awe-inspiring to the dense blocks of humanity crowding into view. Another discharge thundered from the mouth of the great gun at the French barracks, and that glittering, stately column of gold and steel began to move. From the streets, sidewalks, temporized plat

forms, doors, windows and housetops an audience larger than ever gathered before, looked upon a military parade greater than the world had ever before produced. Never had an army marched forth in such splendor of dress or so well equipped for battle. All the latest inventions in modern warfare, from the swords at the sides of officers to the long-range cannons drawn by horses caparisoned with gold and silver, and proud in the grandeur of parade. From one end to the other of that long line of soldiery there were continual surprises in richness of display and gorgeousness of equipage. There has nothing ever been seen to equal it, and never will be, for never has such an army been massed in one line, and by this time another year it will be following the active paths of peace, for the trade of war will have passed away.

As the front of the column passed the reviewing stand, details were dispatched to perform the solemn rites of the day, and never were soldiers' graves so profusely strewn with flowers or adorned with truer hearts or more sympathetic hands. The flowers upon the graves may become odorless and return to the earth that gave them birth, but the sentiments that cluster around this noble deed will live forever. In the future eons of peace, when strife is forgotten, when no more the war-drum's throb shall be heard or the reveille awake the worn soldier, a nation will pause to commemorate the deeds of valor and lay the bloom upon the green mounds.

At the close of the decorative exercises preparations had been completed for the unveiling of the cenotaphs. No one knew what these consisted of except the committee having the matter in charge and the sculptors. A detail of the American troops was delegated to perform this service in the immediate presence of the officers and armies. When the veil was drawn from the first, there stood delicately moulded in bronze the figure of the goddess of liberty bearing upon a tablet of silver the words,

TO OUR SOUTHERN DEAD.

The veil was lifted from the second, and a bronze statue repre-

senting the goddess of peace stood in all the beauty of the sculptor's art, bearing a like tablet on which were carved the words,

To The Foreign Brave.

In this solemn performance there was a sad beauty mingled with a pretty sentiment that was feelingly impressed upon that audience of bronzed warriors. The military bearing bowed in the attitude of reverence as here, away from the storms of war, away from the time of conflict, they erected to the memory of their dead comrades these cenotaphs and hung about them wreathes of the laurel and immortelle.

* * * * * * *

An incident that occurred on this day must be recorded. It is a pleasure to be able to leave to the world in a permanent form the full text of a poem found beneath the veil covering the cenotaph erected to the Southern dead. No one knows how the poem was placed there, nor can the author be found. At the conclusion of the exhibition drills Mr. Lawrence Barrett, on request, read it from the platforn of the amphitheatre to the crowd of soldiers and citizens below, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause.

The publisher of this book offers a reward of $2,500 to any one who will discover the author of the poem and forward to the office of this publication his name with satisfactory proof of authenticity.

The following is the poem in full. The manuscript complete is preserved in the archives of the Nation:

To the Fallen Brave.

We come, we come to the halls of the dead,
Where silence and death are reposing;
Where garlands of flowers their fragrance still shed
O'er the graves our heroes enclosing.
Where memory still loves with its tendrils to cling
'Round the tombs where the loyal are sleeping;
And sweet recollection still folds its soft wing
O'er the mounds where the willow is weeping.

Where the mother and sister kneel down in their love,
And the wife's tender hands are caressing,
The silent, sweet flowers fresh blooming above,
O'er the dust that a nation is blessing.
Where the father bends low his white hairs o'er the grave,
Where his dear soldier boy is yet dreaming;
And turns far away from the sleep of the brave,
To the star of his valor still gleaming.

Where the lilac and myrtle bright memories keep,
Where the hand of fond childhood has brought them,
To mark the long rest of the father's last sleep,
With the shroud of the warrior about him.
Where the maiden has lain the bright hopes of her life
Beneath the green turf with her lover;
And guards the pale trophies of war's cruel strife,
Where a nation's affections still hover.

We come, we come not in battle array,
With bugle, and drums loudly beating,
But we come in the peace of this hallowed day,
Our love for the brave fondly keeping.
We bring no loud tramp of the mustering clan,
No booming of cannon nor mad musket rattle;
No wild rushing horse, no fierce charging van,
Nor death in the red front of battle.

The sword and the saber lie rusting away
Where the hands of loved peace have lain them;
And a nation is fervently blessing the day,
When no blood of the warrior will stain them.
The march and the field with their horrors have fled,
The camp in green pastures is lying;
The horseman no longer rides over the dead,
No heroes in battle lie dying.

The ramparts of war are deserted and still,
The bivouac in peace is reposing;
The bugle's fierce voice no longer shall thrill,
The hearts the kind tomb is enclosing.
The charger lies dead on the far sunny field,
And the rider beside him is sleeping;
The swords lie crossed in peace on the shield,
And a truce eternal are keeping.

We come, we come not to weep and to mourn,
But to love and renew our devotion;
To cherish the dust of the spirit that's gone,
In the depths of our heart's true emotion.
We come to remember the deeds of the brave,
Who before us in silence are sleeping;
And we drop not a tear on the grassy green grave,
For we love too fondly for weeping.

We bring these pure flowers as emblems of love
That grows in our hearts, ever blooming,
And in our devotion we place them above,
On the graves our fallen entombing.
We raise a new stone by the tombs of the dead,
And carve the bright deeds of their glory;
Remembering the blood they so gallantly shed
On the battlefield ghastly and gory.

We chant our fond love in the tombs of the brave,
Sleeping soft on the coffin's cold pillow;
And twine our effections around the still grave,
As we plant the pine, olive and willow.
We scatter these flowers in devotion replete,
These garlands of cypress and roses,
Where the dreamer sleeps on in his red winding-sheet,
As the worrior from battle reposes.

They are gone, they are gone, their spirits have fled,
Their bodies before us are sleeping;
Yet dearer than living to us are the dead,
Who died when freedom was weeping.
We shed not a tear, express not a sigh,
For they are not dead who seemed dying;
'Tis living forever for country to die,
As died the brave boys yonder lying.

And to-day as we meet 'mid the emerald mounds,
With the cypress and ivy entwining,
We hallow, thrice hallow the last camping grounds,
Where the warriors in peace are reclining.
We break not their rest in the sweet sleep of morn,
Where silence leads in its soft numbers,
But pass by the cots where the sleepers dream on,
And leave them at rest in their slumbers.

For the day had grown weary, and war had grown sore,
With battle, and weary night tramping;
And now they lie down with their labors all o'er
In the bivouac where death is encamping.
They dream never more of the battle afar,
While peace their pale vigils is keeping;
Nor feel they again the toil of dread war,
As they lie on their couch sweetly sleeping.

We hang the white curtains of peace, round their tomb,
A love-wreath entwine pure and tender;
Though friends may depart, the stranger will come,
And the deeds of their valor remember.
We love them, we love them—the lives that are gone—
That sank 'neath war's stormy billows;
Too brave to be wept, too loyal to mourn,
As they sleep in the shade neath the willows.

O, land, lovely land! thy bosom has bled,
Thy rivers with crimson been flowing;
The laurel and cypress wave o'er thy dead,
Where camp-fires nightly were glowing.
O, land of sweet sorrows, of mem'ries divine!
Of the trench and battle field gory;
The purple, the crape and the crimson entwine
A wreath to thy dead and thy glory.

Thy martyrs are many, thy heroes unnumbered,
Are beyond the dark river encamping;
Where the bugle no more shall awake their long slumber,
Nor war-drum is heard, nor sentry tramping.
Thy mountains have shook by the touch of mad war,
Thy vales by the charger been trampled;
The pall and the shroud thy memorials are,
And the crape has thy halls often mantled.

But to-day as we come to these dear burial grounds,
Where the knell is so softly still ringing,
We gather in fondness amid these green mounds,
The cedar and olive branch bringing;
For the angel of peace spreads its wings o'er the field,
Where the spirit of war has long slumbered;
And thy battle-scarred bosom rich fruitage shall yield
To millions unborn and unnumbered.

But where are the dead who repose far away?
Where no hands the sweet flowers are strowing,
Where the forms of our heroes unnumbered decay,
Where the brier and thistle are growing.
Uncoffined their bodies, unshrouded their forms,
As they lie in the sepulchere's gloaming;
Where haunts the dull clanging and clatter of arms,
And the raven and night-wind are roaming.

Where solitude broods alone with the dead,
And where the pale watch is still keeping ;
Where the tombs still echo the spirit's soft tread,
As it watches the corse silent sleeping.
Their labors are ended and let them sleep on
In the winding-sheet war has made gory?
Their spirits in triumph have risen and gone
Beyond the white gates of bright glory.

O, heroes! O, martyrs! sleep on with the brave!
'Tis sweeter your labors thus ended ;
To-day is your joy, the peace of the grave,
Where repose and glory are blended.
No reward could be sweeter than that which is yours,—
The soft sleep of death 'neath the willows ;
Where naught shall disturb your pale bark as it moors
At rest far away from the billows.

Sleep on in the tombs so hallowed and blest,
While death its sweet quiet is giving ;
Your reward is the grave with its peace and its rest,
And the homage and love of the living.
Your bodies to earth and your spirits to God,
Your achievements and glory are ours,
As you sleep with hands folded beneath the green sod,
And the love that is strewn with these flowers.

Then rest from the toil and the dangers of war,
The swift and the sullen destroyer,
And dream never more of the battle afar,
For the grave is a truce to the warrior.
The reveille no more shall awake your soft sleep,
Nor foes shall be marshalled before you;
The pall and the crape your memories keep,
And the cypress in silence bends o'er you.

Dream on ye pale sleepers, your labors are done,
Your glory and honor are ours;
And here to recall the achievements you won,
We scatter these garlands of flowers.
The ivy shall twine above your pale forms,
In constant and tender devotion;
The myrtle and lily shall blend their bright charms,
As emblems of love's deep emotion.

The laurel and locust above you shall grow,
And the cypress bend low in its weeping;
The hawthorn and olive in fondness shall blow,
Where the heath its dead watch is keeping.
The bay tree in peace above you shall wave,
Where the daisy and fern are entwining;
The palm and the tulip shall shelter the grave,
Where the victors at rest are reclining.

The violet bends low its tiny white head,
Where the rose and the satin are teeming;
And the cedar boughs droop o'er the couch of the dead,
Where the warriors in quiet lie dreaming.
The snowdrop in beauty and silence will bloom,
Where the daffodil sweetly is blowing;
And the cardinal twines in love 'round the tomb,
Where the fig and the orange are growing.

Above you a crown of white roses we place,
And on your green mounds lay the mallow,
Our affections shall ever your mem'ries embrace,
As we meet 'round the tombs that you hallow.
Rest on, rest on beneath the bright bloom,
Our affections beside you are lying;
We remember no more the dread of the tomb,
For death was made sweet by your dying.

You are gone from the land your labors have blest,
Where the fathers have gone on before you;
Where ages on ages shall break not your rest,
As a Nation its garlands twines o'er you.
Sleep on, sleep on 'neath the emerald sod,
As we come to remember and love you.
We leave you, we leave you to earth and to God,
As we kiss the fair flowers above you.

## LADIES DAY AT THE FAIR.

Woman's World Astir—The Prayer—The Immortal Nine—Chivalry of Nineteenth Century America—Gallantry Turned Loose in the Reign of the Dog Star—Grand Exhibition of Courtesy—A Ladies' National Commission Appointed. The Commission Limited for Financial Reasons—Convention of the National Board—Discussion of Great Issues of Vital Importance—Wave of Advanced Thought. Buddhism—The Occult—Hypnotism—Theosophy—Nirvana—Scenes at the Fair—The Nation's Great Ladies—Allurements of the Booth—Rare Collection of Beauty—The Blaze of Noonday—The Close at Evening.

BACK somewhere in history it is recorded that an alchemist, intent on discovering the elixir of life—the spring of eternal youth, withdrew from the world and grew to neglect his wife who pined alone and was filled with great sorrow. Busy with his retorts and alembics, he thought of nothing but his elixir and the eternal youth and beauty he should some day bestow upon humanity. Defeat met him at every turn, and his elements would not yield up the great secret which he knew they concealed. He grew sour, morose, melancholy, and his indigestion filled him with evil forebodings, depression, and he weakened with much weariness. One evening as he sat in the dim light of his laboratory bemoaning his hard fate, his wife, the first time for years, entered unbidden, intent on cheering up her husband with the great beauty nature had given her, and the freshness and hope that had come back to her out of a once desolate world. The old alchemist sat gazing at his retort and caught the reflection there of a

beautiful face, radiant with smiles and voluptuous with health. Suddenly he awoke from his half dream with the thought that his long-looked-for elixir had at last been found. The next moment that beautiful face was against his, and through his every nerve he felt his youth and strength return, and a joy he had once put away came back and nestled in his heart. The reflection of a woman's face in his retort brought to him the elixir his alchemy had failed to discover. He found that the perfection of life, the triumph of human endeavor, and the font of eternal joy and peace, was the gentle spirit of woman.

The day of alchemy has long since passed away, but the age of woman is here with a vengeance. So, when the Commissioners were appointed for the World's Fair they were promptly petitioned and prayed to appoint a commission of ladies as helpmeets to the lords who had undertaken to grapple with the great problems alone. There was a slender-waisted, jewel-fingered, sweetly-smiling voice begged the appointment of nine ladies of Chicago, only nine out of all this great city, to help the poor men bear the burden in the heat of the day. There were more patriotic women in the city who were willing to sacrifice their husbands' comfort and digestion in order to serve the dear people, but limiting the number to nine increased the honor, and that number was considered to place about the proper degree of dignity on the position sought.

There are gallant men in America, chivalrous men, and some of them were appointed by the President on the Board of National Commissioners of the great Columbian Exposition. In fact, it would be a matter of great difficulty to appoint any number of Americans on any board without naming some of our most gallant beaux. This Commission was not appointed wholly on account of their chivalry, and there are some who thought they were appointed solely to get down to work, select a site for the Fair, put up the proper buildings and make it the biggest affair the world ever saw. But early in the game this Commission ran against this prayer from these women, and immediately there came a tinge of blush, hats were doffed, and delicate bouquets blossomed out on manly breasts.

The supreme moment in the lives of many of these men had come, and the opportunity could not be lost. They tumbled over each other in getting to the front as advocates of woman's representation. This was to be a world's fair, and are not women a part of the world? Thus they logically reasoned, and thus the ladies' prayer was granted, and nine ladies of this city of fair women stood wondering where the lightning would strike; and the public awaited breathlessly, wondering where, out of a city so full of really proficient ladies, would the select few be chosen.

But the beginning of the end had not been seen. Gallantry is contagious, and the first thing any one knew an epidemic of it had broken out, and the dog star at full reign. This great burden of gallantry could not be unloaded on only nine women, and these units of enthusiastic gallantry multiplied so rapidly that the heat from the friction disturbed the operation of the telegraph and telephone wires, and at one time the 4—11 fire alarm was turned in. When this vaulting and acrobatic gallantry had exhausted its resources the matter stood about this way: Not only the nine women should be recognized, but a Ladies' National Commission should be appointed. This should consist of two ladies from each State and Territory, three from the Gulf of Mexico, two from the Mississippi River, seventeen from the Great Lakes, four from the Rocky Mountains, two from Bunker Hill, three from the Pacific Ocean and five from the Atlantic Ocean, and one at large from the Fourth of July. Some of the most ambitious gallants favored the appointment of ten thousand Commissioners-at-Large, but, as all these would have complimentary tickets to the Fair, the financiers of the Commission objected, and as they stood on a specie basis, their objections prevailed.

When the Ladies' Commission was appointed and the names of the members made known, a meeting was arranged and in due time held. The object of the meeting was to discuss the material for exhibits and the manner of displaying them. The Auditorium was secured for a place of meeting, and every member was present except the delegate-at-large from the Fourth of July, who was over in China arranging for

a large invoice of China fire crackers. Mrs. Sonhenne Ballerdeaux, of the Gulf of Mexico, presided, and the chronicler of this faithful narrative entered just in time to hear the president say: "The meeting of the Ladies' National World's Columbian Exposition Commission is duly and solemnly declared open for business." Silence reigned. "Well, ladies, what is your pleasure?" said the chair.

"I think," said a delegate from Bunker Hill, "the chair would better state the object of the meeting." "Excuse me, ladies," said the chair, "for so neglecting my official function," and said: "The object of this meeting is to provide ways and means for holding a circus here sometime during the summer of 1893, and, as there is apt to be quite a number of persons present, I suppose we should make some arrangements to entertain them, provide cooking, etc. Then, as I understand, we are to supply some of the performances and exhibits, we should pay some attention to that. I understand that some live English lords and dukes, counts, princes, etc., from Europe are to be here, and we ought to provide something extra, something real aristocratic. I think we should have Mr. Worth here in the department of dress, and, probably, some other attractions of that character. The chair is ready to hear any suggestions."

Delegate from New York—Mrs. President: I am decidedly in favor of that last suggestion. I know the four hundred will be overjoyed to have Mr. Worth present. We can fit up a fac simile of his villa at Ville d'Avray and have rich, stylish robes in profusion. I think it would be *so* jolly.

Delegate from the Rocky Mountains—Mrs. President: I do not think we ought to discuss dress yet. How do we know what will be the fashion then? If we do have Mr. Worth here we should not invite him till the day before, so everything will be the latest. I think we could now arrange for a good exhibit of cooking as that does not improve and will not change much. I think there ought to be a committee of about a hundred appointed to provide a real, beautiful display of cooking.

Delegate from Boston—Mrs. President: I think these ladies talk like they were preparing for a dress ball or a county fair. This is to be a World's Exposition, where will be gathered the wealth and learning of the globe. Art shall pay her tribute, science her's; the earth, the sea shall deliver up of their fullness for the gratification and edification of assembled humanity. Learning shall exploit its finest gems, and advanced thought disport its jewels; philosophy lead in her royal train, and all the ologies and isms hold high carnival in their halls. All of us, we of the East especially, want to preserve the rank and genius of the age. Now, there is theosophy. I think there should be an entire section set apart to the exhibits of theosophy. There would be found no greater opportunity to display the occult and that invisible state of the transformed soul elevated beyond the clay mould into the ethereal ether of the infinitude of time and space. The astral odic substance, the fiery manifestation of the soul, the magnetic factor of the body, the Star Magno, the Dual Agasa, Karma, Nirvana, Buddha, and the whole noble train should have a suitable exhibit. We should bring something advanced, and not be content with the ordinary and common. This is already the age of advanced thought, and strong-minded spectacles should have a first seat. We are tired of the dull body. So is the world. We want the astral and a view of the hidden mysteries of the occult. We must grow out of the body up to the star magno, destroy Karma and in the occult ether of the invisible etherealized ethereal subtlety of the viewless observablessness of the incomprehensible beyond disport.

Delegate from Washington, D. C.—Mrs. President: I think we are now arriving at the essence of our business. We are now approaching the forefront of advancing and towering thought. I wish to add to what the lady has suggested, a grand display of clairvoyance. Let us surpass every other exhibition that has ever been made. We will have all the clairvoyants and sorceresses of India, Egypt and Bermuda present, and, by charging a small fee, might pay expenses and save a little for the cause. I think that would be perfectly lovely.

Delegate from Philadelphia—Mrs. President: Another interesting and highly fashionable exhibition would be that of hypnotism. That must not be neglected. Here is the grandest opportunity to display this mental phenomenon ever offered. We could afford to donate less to dress and more to this. We must have it by all means. I am perfectly delighted that I thought of it. There are mental forces we do not fully understand. We ought to have them on exhibition. The idea is truly exquisite and we must have it carried out.

Delegate from the Atlantic Ocean—Mrs. President: We are getting on swimmingly. We will have a better circus than the men if we keep on. Now, I suggest a grand international psychic exposition. It will be in keeping with the thought of the age, and greatly redound to the glory of the fair. We must have these psychologic exhibits. I know two or three good psychologists, and I know they will bring their whole apparatus with them. The idea is just too lovely for any use.

Delegate from the Pacific Ocean—Mrs. President: I believe if I could get a sufficient appropriation I could procure a sea monster for the show. I read of one the other day and it was perfectly lovely.

Delegate from the Mississippi River—Mrs. President: I was just thinking it would be a capital idea for me to display a real Mississippi over-flow with levees breaking and the lands undating, the houses washing away, and everything as people read of, but as no one has ever seen.

Delegate from San Francisco—Mrs. President: I think we ought to celebrate Longfellow's birth-day and—

Delegate from Boston—Mrs. President: I move we adjourn.

Thus ended the first meeting of the Ladies' Commission of the World's Columbian Exposition. A few more meetings like this one, and the great preparations were made and all things in perfect readiness.

The day of the Ladies' Day had dawned, and all was life and bustle. Never had the city and parks been so adorned. Beauty as fa as the eyes could see, beauty above and all around. The scene

was transformed as if by magic, and music rarer, richer than ever before heard saluted the ears of the gathering multitude. It was an inspiring morning, and the refined taste of the gentler sex so outshone the clumsy adornments of man that a new age seemed to have dawned and touched with a new wand the scene. The sky contained more blue, the air more perfume and the sun more gold.

The crowd began gathering early and the best seats were in demand. The gates were opened at the usual hour, and blocks beyond blocks of feminine humanity could be seen crowding their way to the marble arch that gave them entrance to the park. It was an off day with the lords of creation; their occupation was gone for the time and they were still wooing that nature's sweet restorer that binds up the aches of a night at the club. But the men were not missed so far as the swelling of the crowd was concerned. The magnitude was even greater than it was on Queen Victoria's Day. It always has been noticed that when the American ladies start out to do anything they all go. At this hour, just as the great Columbian Bell pealed forth the time of opening, the streets in the vicinity of the park were adorned with every shade of color and shape of garment that could be imagined. It seemed a gala day in Chicago with the streets filled with masquers personating all the goddesses and fairies and nymphs, all the beauty and loveableness and grace that could be collected from the whole world.

As we swing into the gate and cast our eyes about us we are entranced with the scene. The little pavilions and booths and stalls that dot the park in great numbers are each attended by the youth and beauty of the female persuasion, busy offering their stock of trade for sale at retail. Here were nuts, candies, flowers, lemonade, ice cream, fruits, pies, sandwiches, chewing gum, trinkets, and every article that seemed possessed of the art of alluring a penny from the pockets of the innocent and unguarded passer-by, or from the susceptible and sentimental youth. The nickel-in-the-slot machines were failures. There were no smiles there, no pink cheeks, no bright eyes, no parted lips and pearly teeth, and all such things that novelists are lucky in finding. The booth, the pavilions and the stalls did the business this day.

The Commissioners entered the Fair in a body and proceeded at once to the highest seats on the platform of the amphitheatre. Next came Queen Victoria and the ladies of her court and were seated below. The ladies of the French court came next; then the high noble ladies of Germany followed by the princesses, maids of honor, royal governesses, etc., of the different countries. It was a grand spectacle, sublime in every feature. The long lines of drapery that undulated down to the Fair, was here eclipsed by the one huge vari-colored billow that rose mountain high and washed to the surface the pearls, precious stones and gems of the first water. It was a success. As a work of art it surpassed the supremest effort of artist, sculptor or draper.

In the center of this collection of beauty sat Sakyamuni, alias Buddha, and about him, looped up in great profusion was the occult of the dim East, clad in the habiliments of the ninth century B. C. There was a charm about this that cannot be described. That ether etherealized, that subtle infinite, that dual agasa, that astral existence, that fluid life, that magnetic quickening, that soul matter, that viewless unseeable invisibility—all cast a charm over the sublime scene that was subduing, mellowing, entrancing and awful. One felt as if entering that indefinable something, that mystic unknowable, that charmed somewhere, that magnetic ethereality where one must be known before he can enter.

Thus in the presence of that sublime sublimity stood the awed audience breathless and pulseless. It took the supreme effort of America at the age of four hundred years to achieve this sublime presentation but it was a distinguished success. With its long strong arm it reached back into the ages before the Christian era had duration, and drew to light the mysteries of temples, caves, altars, attics, basements and mountain fastnesses and fixed the crowning feature in the displays of the World's Columbian Exposition at this advanced period of earth's old age.

Over in the north-west corner of the grounds was a busy scene all day long. Here was a grand array of perfumes, patent complexions,

bangs, tints, complexion masks, and toilet articles of the very latest designs. From litttle bowers here and there came the invigorating odors of savory drinks, cakes, rolls, patties, custards, puddings, ices, relishes, and from somewhere stole the seductive perfume of an aromatic pumpkin pie. A little to the south was a booth, more richly adorned than the rest, in which were twenty-three beautiful ladies busy selling tickets for an approaching church fair. To the east was the most brilliant and imposing array of silks and satins ever shown. Exhibited alongside of these was a bewildering accumulation of jewels; sparkling in a splendor undreamed before. On all this brilliancy the rays of the noonday sun fell in a wealth of gold, bathing the entire scene in a flood of loveliness and gorgeousness that was blinding.

The day grew on and the scene shone in the changing shades of the falling sun, fading from the dazzling brightness of noonday to the mellow, drowsy shadows of closing day. Slowly over that vast scene the curtains cast their shades, and the sun, glutted with glory, sank down in his crimson closet to rest. Buddha said "good night," entered Nirvana, and the busy day dissolved into ether.

## GREATEST RACES OF THE WORLD.

The Great Running and Trotting Races at the Fair — Sixty-Three Fliers are Entered for a Purse of $1,000,000 — The Prince of Wales, Kaiser Wilhelm and Caprivi Heavy Betters — France Backs Constitution — America Divided — California Bows to Kentucky — Millions of Dollars Change Hands — Six Entries in the Great Trotting Race — An 850,000 Dollar Purse — Excitement Turned Loose — Checks and Securities Melt Out of Sight — Bootblacks Become Millionaires — The Triumph of Equine Speed — The Renown of the American Course.

THE greatest event in the world's history wherein equine interests were centered, occurred to-day at the Washington Park Race Track. For two years preparations had been going on for this great event. It was to be the crowning triumph of equine effort on the running and the trotting courses. The world was invited to participate, and the world with its long preparations was present. For days the excitement had been at fever heat among horsemen, and the throng of visitors had made preparation to devote the entire day to the races. The English were there with the memories of Epsom in Surrey, but the crowd, wending its twenty-four hour's journey to the Downs in the good old times, was but a handful compared with the millions of people who arrived to-day in twenty-four minutes in their aerial vehicles. The Fair was practically closed and the day was opened at the race course. Long before daylight men and women with their lunch stands, peanuts, pop corn, lemonade, fruit, toys and trinkets, were hustling shoving, crowding, fighting and swearing about the grounds seek-

ing the most advantageous place from which to dispose of their simple wares. Along the roads that centerd at the races, this motly crowd was still trudging and quarrelling and pressing its way till long after the break of day. Booths were erected and jammed togather all over the places set apart for them, from which fair maidens and coatless men screamed themselves hoarse crying to the passers by the superior quality of their goods. All was bustle, all stirring life even at this early hour. An occasional horsemen spun around the track, and grooms and jockeys were astir, busy with preparations for the great event.

The headquarters of the horsemen had been established at Brockway & McKey's restaurant, in the rear of which book-makers had been busy for several days. Here the day of all the world's great days began early. Messengers were hurrying here and there, telegrams flying, orders coming and going, men rushing and crowding with nothing on their minds but the excitement of the greatest races the world has ever known. The crowd swelled and the betting opened to employ the time until the grounds were opened at the track. Men ate their breakfast piece-meal, and many bets were made with mouths full of steak, game or fish, and thus till the noon hour were betting and eating going on. There were English lords, French princes, German noblemen and royalty from all Europe, mingling with representatives from every state and hobnobing with the noted and gallant sportsmen from the aristocratic blue-grass regions of Kentucky and from the Golden Gate. It was an assembly representative of the world. Even King Kalakaua left a game of poker to place a few thousands on a flier that had come from across the water.

During the forenoon a crowd of about six million had gathered at the Fair, and was spending the time about the freight depots to the west and east, admiring the great machinery hall, the pearl dome standing south of the Crerar Tower, but finally reaching the Tower and from its unknown altitude, viewing the busy scenes at

the race track. From this wonderful Tower could be seen the entire park with its tracks, its booths, its stands, its amphitheatres, and all that go to make up the greatest day ever known in the entire history of the race course.

The stakes were placed at $1,000,000, to which the Fair Directorate had added $300,000 to the mount that should win. It will be understood that this large amount called out the best blood in the world, and that to compete with the record-smashers of other nations the best blood of America was demanded. This gave to Lexington, Kentucky, a commanding interest, and brought out the thoroughbreds from that historic home of the fleet-flooted horse. Nestling close about this famous home of noted horse-men, are no less than one hundred and fifty stock farms and breeding establishments, and from all these, the pride and boast of all America, and the kings of the race track, were brought forth for the great day. Each of these stables represented, had built special palace stock cars which were formed into one grand train by the courtesy of the Kentucky Central and came like a triumphal march from the renowned home of Ten Broeck, Jr. Special tracks branched off from the main road and landed its brilliant train along the southern boundary of the park where Kentucky quarters were established. For three days this wonderful train was the object of admiration as the Kentucky steeds gazed out at the visitors and over at the stirring scenes they had long learned to love. Visitors, noted horsemen, and the sporting fraternity took no end of delight in viewing these animals which had earned their laurels on many a hard fought day, and they were eager to gain all the knowledge of them possible. The courteous attendants of each palace car grew eloquent at all times in expatiating on the strong points of their respective guards, and the groomes and riders were in the full pride of recent triumphs. All Kentucky seemed present in the sweet assurance of capturing the great stakes. The point of greatest interest was about a car in the center of the train. It was an elegant

car and in it stood a horse of wonderful mould, on the door of whose car were simply the letters S. F. B. It was probably the elegant appointments of the car that attracted so much attention.

On the other side of the park, along the northern limits, was the scene of greatest interest and excitement. The California delegation had located their stables here. Palace after palace rose bearing the name of a horse covered with honors won. A crowd was constantly surging in and about a stable a little taller and a little more elegant than all the rest from which floated a flag bearing the name Salvator. It could be seen at a glance where the favorite was, and so far as America was concerned the contest lay between California and Kentucky, with the betting in the former's favor.

The horses from foreign countries, were placed at the east of the park, and here was the blue blood of all Europe. This was the most gorgeous and brilliant quarters on the grounds. Rich and elaborate in every way, it contained the Kings of the Derby, the hurdle, and the handicap which could not be meanly considered in this climax of all races.

The reader will not be wearied with longer descriptions. The running race was to come off first and the trotting race immediately after its close. For this purpose a track was placed inside the main course on which the horses were speeded and exercised preparatory to the extreme effort that awaited them.

The noon hour had passed and the Moscow bell had sounded the opening of the grounds. The crowd gathered, the amphitheatres filled, the grounds were packed, and the excitement rose with the approaching hour. Pools were selling and backers were standing by their respective favorites. The betting was high, almost reckless. In America Salvator stock led with Ten Broeck Jr., a close second. In England it was the Earl of Derby, in France, Constitution. Another tap from the great bell, and from the east, south and north came forth an array of blooded steeds that had never before been dreamed, and in all probability will not be seen again.

Sixty-three entries were made, and the dazzling scene of color and banners was more than inspiring. Each favorite received its full round of applause as it came into view. Once the Earl of Derby, Constitution, Ten Broeck, Jr., and the great Salvator came together and a cheer arose from 15,000,000 throats.

The pool selling was at the height of its excitement, men were crowding, struggling, smashing hats, and crushing in for tickets. In the amphitheatres bets were made ranging from a pair of gloves to $20,000.

Another tap from the bell and time was called. Salvator had drawn the pole, Constitution next, Earl of Derby and Ten Broeck, Jr., fourth, Tenny, Kingston, Tournament, Prince Royal, Raceland, Senorita, DeMuth, Los Angeles, and others following on through. The scene is now one of intense excitement. Five thousand bookmakers are busy. The Prince of Wales stands by the Earl of Derby. Kaiser Wilhelm and Caprivi back Schwinter. France has its money on Constitution, and America was very nearly equally divided on Salvator and Ten Broeck, Jr. Scattering bets ran through the entries in hopes of catching a short horse. From some place came a cold million on "S. F. B."

The electric button is touched and the field goes thundering by, and is called back. The Prince of Wales puts up £5,000 more. The field surges on again and "Go!" rings forth over the almost breathless multitude. Under the wire has passed sixty-three of the finest steeds the world can boast. The winner must break the record. The ground trembles beneath the flying hoofs and fifteen million people rise to their feet. "Where is Salvator?" "Where is Ten Broeck?" "Who has the lead?" were the questions that flew thick and fast. The field to the right has bunched and but eight horses are reaching out for the quarter post, with the Earl of Derby leading, Salvator second, Ten Broeck, Jr., third with Constitution most along side. It is a resplendent day and the colors in the silken jackets of the jockeys are as clearly recognized as the colors in the

programmes. The quarter post is reached by the Earl of Derby pressed hard by Salvator with Ten Broeck, Jr., at his saddle skirts. Salvator crawls a neck ahead of the Earl of Derby, Ten Broeck, Jr., gains a nose and the Earl of Derby is given rein and spur. Men shake their heads and cry, "too soon, too soon." The half mile is approached, and as every American hat goes up in the air, the race is given up to Salvator and Ten Broeck, Jr. The Earl of Derby has put forth his supreme effort and will now wage a losing fight. The half-mile is passed and Salvator and Ten Broeck, Jr., Kentucky and California, are neck and neck. America is off its feet, wild, vociferous, and bets are doubled.

Back a half-dozen lengths a streak of scarlet and orange glides away from the four horses hugging the pole, but all eyes are turned to the dead level of the foremost struggle. Constitution is passed and the hot breath of the bounding steed fans the sides of the Earl of Derby. France sees this, England sees it, but America sees nothing but Salvator and Ten Broeck, Jr., with the latter half-a-neck ahead towards the three- quarter stretch. The Earl of Derby surges once more, but the scarlet and orange strides no common steed. Its limbs of steel and coat of bay reflect the sun like burnished gold.

The three-quarters is reached with Ten Broeck, Jr., leading by a half-length. California and Kentucky are wild. But a few thousand more eyes see the scarlet and orange. A little lower to the ground, close to the pole, fair in the open between the Earl of Derby and Salvator, the streak of scarlet and orange is giving at this moment one of the most wonderful exhibitions of speed and strength ever beheld.

Constitution makes a spurt for the final contest. Cheers go up as he bounds forward, but the effort cannot be sustained. The scarlet and orange must now be seen. It cannot help it. It is too close the leading contestants to be missed. "What is that?" "Look at that, will you?" and one man in that vast audience sits

with a complacent smile on his face. These foaming, puffing, clattering horses could now be inscribed with an eight-foot radius. Ten Broeck, Jr., and Salvator have their heads and are given spur. The other, a little lower to the earth, braced with the bits, bounds from the pole and is let loose. The triumph of strength, grace and speed is there, the very poetry of motion. One curve to the right and three horses are covered with a length and a half. California and Kentucky faces blanch. Five lengths from the wire, and which will win? The time could not be thought till the scarlet and orange flashed under the wire with a clear open between him and Ten Broeck, Jr., with Salvator at the latter's middle; the great race was won, and the most renowned horse in the world was "S. F. B."

The scene of wildest excitement arose. Men who recognized the colors gave cheer upon cheer, and those who did not, cheered for they new not what. It was a horse, the winner, and that was enough. But when S. F. B. Morse was carried out from the Kentucky paddocks with the Kentucky colt's colors flying all about him, a wild tumultuous cheer broke forth in which California's voice was not the least, and hats and handkerchiefs from England France, Germany, and all the countries were waived amid the applause in honor of the king of the race course of the world. A horse had won, a triumph in equine speed, had worthily gained its laurels and that was sufficient. The world was satisfied.

The excitement from the running race had not died down till the trotting was called. Promptly at half-past two o'clock the electric button was pressed and the great Moscow bell was heard for miles. It was the summons of the greatest trotting race in the history of the entire world. The entries were much fewer than at the running race on account of the fee. The prize to be won was $850,000 to which the World's Fair had added another $150,000 for the winner. The betting was not up to the former race for the bookmakers and horse owners who did not believe American horses had speed, had parted with most of their securities; yet despite all this

the race was most exciting, the climax of the trotting course, and all former records were broken. The race consisted of three heats, and the anxiety of the bookmakers indicated that they feared they were on the wrong side.

It was with no little difficulty that the six contestants were brought to a standstill long enough for their drivers to hear the words of Chas. M. Smith, the most famous starter in the world. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "you are about to compete for the greatest prize ever hung up to be trotted for, $850,000. The achievement, in which you are now to take part, calls for uncommon skill, vigilance, and fortitude. It calls for integrity as well. Any foul play will be promptly and severely punished. Fifteen million people are present to-day all intent upon a glimpse of one or all of the six horses. You see," continued Mr. Smith, his voice clearer and shriller, if possible, than the coachman's horn whose clarion tones had just fled away in faint echoes across Lake Michigan, "15,000,000 people will be the jury in your case to-day. See to it that your deportment is such as your children will be proud of a hundred years hence."

At the close of his speech, the multitude broke the silence, which hung over his words like a funeral, and on the instant, the buzz of voices was like a thousand saw-mills set in motion, within a radius of a mile. As the horses began scoring, it was plainly seen that Sunol limped a little with her left forward foot. As it was, W. R. Armstrong was heard to say: "Lame as she is, Sunol will trot for my money! The mare is true as steel, and Marvin, her driver, knows no such word as fail!" Axtell was in the pink of condition, and his driver, Budd Doble, was full of confidence. To say more for him would weaken rather than strengthen his case. Both Palo Alto and Stamboul looked fit to trot for a man's life or a king's ransom, but the pair that carried off the "bundle of wealth" was Sunol and Axtell, with Sunol leading in the betting ring at $50,000, Axtell $35,000, Stamboul $20,000, Palo Alto $10,000, and Veillen and Van-a-Clar both together, $1,000. Splan had to come

home from his European engagement to pilot Veillen, and after the horses began to warm up, you could hear men whisper to each other: "When you see Splan leaning forward as he does to-day there is mischief in the air!" And so there was mischief, for some men's bank accounts. John Turner was to have driven Van-a-Clar, but having been incapacitated by a fall, T. J. Dunbar was substituted. Hickok came on from California, to drive Stamboul, and Goldsmith did the same for Palo Alto. It was, therefore, to say the least one of the most potent combinations of talent ever thrown together in a race.

As Sunol came along down the stretch nodding, cheer upon cheer rent the air, and thousands upon thousands rose upon their feet and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of Robert Bonner's latest purchase. And some there were who wept, to think of the fight she would make, lame as she was, when she ought to be in an infirmary. While others declared, "Sunol will not be last, lame as she is!" At the trotting booths, a perfect bedlam. Men mad with excitement, plunged into the pool-box like real-crazy persons; while outside, the horses were striving like Jehus to get the best of the send off. But the public would hear nothing, only that Sunol must win. After scoring six times, "Go!" was heard, and, instantly, more persons are looking upon the greatest race since time began than may ever look again. Veillen had drawn the last place, and was a trifle behind when the word was given; but before rounding into the straight side, Splan had mildly intimated to Veillen that a trifle more speed was needful and, responding with an electrical burst that would have done credit to the author of electricity, his mare was instantly by the side of the favorite, who had drawn the pole and thus far had kept it. Thousands shot to their feet simultaneously with the anxious inquiry, "What horse is that?" "What horse is that?" "That's Veillen!" "That's Veillen!" shouted as many more thousands back again. Heedless of the unheard of tumult, on went the pair, reaching the quarter in 30½, and seemed glued to-

gether like the Siamese twins. Indeed, so intense was the turf duel between these two equines, that they brought on a breathless silence which settled upon the multitude, and became painful and terrible. The positions and conditions were unchanged at the half, in 1:00½; the silence just as terrible, and the equine flight just as marvelous.

At this point, Doble gave Axtell a reminder with the whip, and that horse's friends shouted: "See Axtell! See Axtell! See Axtell!" It was only momentary comfort, for Axtell failed to reach the leaders, and so dropped back into a more comfortable stride. The speed of Veillen was a revelation to a few millions, and the backers of Sunol began to turn pale at the exhibition of it. But there were a few other millions that had taken the short end, who were just as jubilant as the other millions were despondent. The short-enders suddenly saw their chance to become millionaires instead of the millions. Hence, these millions of enthusiasms, when brought and added together, and sent out over Washington Park, formed a most decidedly formidable volley of applause. Along by the stables there was another surprise for the multitude: Van-a-Clar, the full sister of Veillen, was asked to give *her* opinion of the heat; and in response, glided past Axtell, Stamboul, and Palo Alto, like a train passing mile-posts, and thus Dunbar reached Sunol's wheel, and challenged her for second place. The positions at the half were, Veillen a nose ahead of Sunol, and Sunol half-a-length ahead of Van-a-Clar; Axtell, Stamboul, and Palo Alto back a few lengths in the order named; time 1:01¼. Click! Click! Click! went the watches in the hands of thousands of expert horsemen and interested spectators. "One one and a quarter!" "Good heavens!" "Let me see your watch." "Just like mine!" "Nothing like it in the world!" "Veillen's a slick one!" could be heard on all sides. On, on like flying phantoms; at the half-mile post began one of the most desperate struggles between the sisters Veillen and Van-a-Clar ever seen. Thus far neither horse had raised her nose; Splan sat his sulky and held the lines with that uncomely attitude which characterizes his

style when he has a desperate task to perform. Dunbar drew in his head between his shoulders, much more like a turtle than ever he had before, and raised his elbows a little more than he commonly does when riding at a 2:30 gait. The two pair, drivers and horses, had girded themselves like gladiators, and the battle waxed hotter and hotter. The three-quarter pole being reached in 1:31¼. Click went the watches again, and again the exclamations were even more demonstrative, and the multitude evinced surprise and pleasure by voice and gesture.

But Splan's voice could be heard distinctly above the din of the millions, and his "Hy-yar! hy-yar! hy-yar!" and "Look out Tommy! look out there!" and "What are you doing there!" reverberated over and above the clamor and clangor of the rising up and sitting down of the great audience. Amid this great confusion, and just at the critical moment when Van-a-Clar's chance seemed best, she left her legs for an instant, and in the interim, Splan took advantage of Dunbar's mishap, and sent Veillen under the wire half a neck ahead of her competitor; and the great bell of Moscow instantly struck and displayed the figures 2:03! For one brief moment you could hear a pin drop, the silence being distressing; it was for an instant only, then, as if by prearrangement, concurrently this host broke forth into a chorus of the wildest demonstrations; the drivers lifted their hats in acknowledgment of the honor bestowed, and their attendants walked away to the cooling-out booths, with the horses. For the space of the next twenty minutes, while the horses were being cooled out for the next heat, the air was rife with criticisms and heated discussions upon the possibilities and probabilities of this million dollar race. At the betting quarters, the wildest tumult ensued. Millions of dollars were in a box, and the questions of the greatest moment were: How shall those dollars be got out of that box, and who shall get them out? It was evident to the weakest observer that Veillen possessed the speed to win, but, "Did she possess the necessary game?" Two heats more must be trotted

at least. "What horse could stand the exertion necessary to that end?" "What horse could bring home the money?" "What one could nip out those needful heats?" These were the all absorbing questions that a good many persons were coddling their brains over.

Ten thousand eager buyers stood looking at Charley Stiles as he cried:

"Twenty thousand dollars for first choice; give me thirty! thirty thousand! give me forty; forty, forty, give me fifty! now make it a hundred! a hundred, and sold! Who takes it?"

"Prince of Wales!" "What horse will you take?"

"Veillen!"

"How much am I offered for second choice?"

"Five thousand!" Five I have; give me ten! Six; now make it ten! Seven; now make it ten! Eight; now make it ten! Nine; now make it ten! Ten I have; now make it eleven! Make it eleven! All in! All in! And sold at ten! Who takes it? "Geo. Estabrook!" "What will you take?" "Van-a-Clar."

"Veillen and Van-a-Clar sold, and $60,000 in the pool, what am I offered for Sunol? Gentlemen, I want to sell you, lame as she is, Sunol. She will make the sisters quit before she gets through with them! She has thoroughbred blood, and lots of it; and is by the sire of great ones, Electioneer, what do I hear for Sunol! Well, what am I offered for Sunol, Axtell, Stamboul and Palo Alto? There is a slick one somewhere among that lot. What am I offered? One thousand! One thousand won't buy them a long ways! Give me ten! Ten do I hear? Two! Two I hear; *now* give me ten! Three! *Now* make it ten! Five! *Now* make it ten! All in! All in! Going! Last call, and sold. Who gets them?" "Joe Day."

This will give a fair estimate which the buyers put on the horses.

But down at the cooling sheds another scene was enacted. Splan was entertaining his English cousins. "His your oss game?" asked the Prince of Wales, approaching the "only Splan."

"Veillen's a little short of work and a little soft, but I shall make the fight a hard one, all the same," said Splan, as he gave the Prince a quizzical look.

"Soft! did you say?" exclaimed the Prince in great distress of mind.

Turning to his companion: "E's soft, they say! E's flabby! Wat in the deuce ham I to do now? First, I buy Sunol for fifty thousand, and she turns hout to be a cripple! Then I edges and buys Veillen, and now I find her a soft one! Blawst the situation! Wat is a feller to do habout hit?"

"Look here boss!" said Splan in a consoling manner, "you just go and buy the short end, while I furnish the soft horses and soft men at the other end, until we bend the Bank of England a little."

"Blawst me if the feller doesn't know what e's talkin habout!" And away the Prince went to the pool-box and blew in a few hundred thousand on the field against Veillen.

The horses are called again, and again all eyes are upon them and their drivers. By common consent, it has been arranged that the sisters should fight it out between them in the second heat. At the end of that heat Hickok, Goldsmith, Marvin and Doble would each do a little business on their own account. The horses are called and sent away on the third score. Instantly, the sisters sprang to the front like a pair, and without a yard's variation compassed three-quarters of a mile in 1:31½. Here Splan bowed his back and Dunbar bowed his neck if possible more than ever, and strove like gladiators of old. But the speed of Veillen just at the finish saved her the heat again, and click went the watches again, and boom again went the bell of Moscow; time 2:01½ The tumult which ensued and the clangor of all classes were even greater than before.

There is one more heat to be trotted, at least, and to that heat we ask your attention. The horses are cooled out, the betting

is over, the votes are all in and the verdict is like a sealed book when the third heat is called for. The scoring is desperate, and Mr. Smith has to call to his aid all his reserve of turf usage and turf code. At last he brought them down to the wire like a battalion of regular soldiers and sent them on their journey. Steady and true as the bell of Moscow Veillen went to the front, and at the quarter post led her nearest companion fully a length. Splan was rigid with determination and Dunbar was equally determined, but there were other daring men and fast horses in that race, and to these all eyes were turned for once at least. It was a fighting race now ; it was victory or defeat, "now or never." Doble brought Axtell along at such a marvelous flight that a million voices were heard to say, "See Axtell! See Axtell! Axtell wins! Axtell wins! Doble means business! Look at the $105,000 trotter now!" and similar indications of pleasure at his prospect of winning. And now Marvin sends Sunol up to Axtell in such a masterly manner that another shout goes up into the azure if possible louder and more intense than before, reminding one of the days of Smuggler and Goldsmith Maid. But neither of them were able to do more than reach the middle of Van-a-Clar, while the latter was desperately disputing the question of supremacy with Veillen, who only reached the winning post one stride in advance of Van-a-Clar. Men rent the air with the wildest demonstrations of joy. Bankrupt dukes and duchesses and ruined heads of mercantile firms strode the corridors like mad men and women. Boot-blacks and news-boys became millionaires, while the great Moscow bell was tolling the time, 2:00, for the one, and chimed 2:00 for the other class.

Such ecstasy had never been heard of before and may never again. Such prodigality of money had never before been seen ; millions dissolved like so much air. Upon the wire which runs across the course hung in silken purse $100,000, donated by the owner of Veillen, to him who should win the race. Mr. Smith called for "the only Splan," who came, leading "Little Splan,"

and halted and bowed to the judges, who handed him the royal prize.

It was truly a grand triumph for Kentucky, and Veillen had made the best time on record, while her sister, Van-a-Clar, was only a nose behind. These fillies are full sisters, and were bred and owned by the mysterious "S. F. B.," the winner of the running race.

When the race was over the excitement was so great that the crowd could not be kept back. There was a call for these two fillies to give an exhibition trot together, which was kindly complied with. They made a very beautiful pole team, and within less than ten minutes Veillen and Van-a-Clar had beaten the record five minutes, and were sold for $426,000.

## THE INTERNATIONAL BANQUET.

The Crown of Festal Glory — The Congress of Nations — The Federation of the World — The Splendor and Pageantry of all Nations — Royalty Feasted in Republican Style — The Palace of Banqueting Halls — The Triumph of Architectural Art and Engineering Skill — The Realization of the Decorator's Dream — The Magic of Transformation — A Canopy of the Standards of Nations — The Dome of Silver and Gold — The National Feast of all Nations — The Panorama of the Past — The Dream of Universal Peace — The Climax of International Amity — The Hymn of the Brotherhood of Nations.

THERE yet remains for description two important events in the history of the great Columbian Exposition. The first of these is the International Banquet which exhibited such potency in moulding public thought, and in disclosing the limitless possibilities of a world at peace. There is nothing in history with which to compare this momentous event for it stands alone in the annals of the world, matchless and unapproached. Nations have had their annual feasts, religion its festivals, and the church its rites; but it was left to this season, to this place, the Chicago of America, to assemble the wealth and learning, the pomp and splendor, the pride and pageantry of all the nations of earth into one grand feast, the congress of nations, the federation of the world, the composite of all tongues and all climes. In comparision with this event the most splendid achievements of nations are silent and the history of the world stands dumb. The splendor and parade that arose from

the East, commemorating with festal glory the conquest of arms, are forgotten in the magnificent presence of this banquet whose brilliancy burnished the jewels of every crown and shed a halo about the emblem of every republic. It stands unparalleled in the combined achievements of the world.

It was a beautiful conception to have the rulers of all countries to meet at this exposition where the world had gathered, to discuss great international questions, the reduction of national debts, the disbandonment of armies, the day of universal peace, and the fuller establishment of the arts and learning. The results of this gathering must be left for the future historian to record. It has surpassed the philosophy of government, the fondest dreams of an advanced civilization, and even prophecy stands voiceless in the presence of the magnitude of this endeavor.

It was also a beautiful conception of the Phenix Insurance Company to give this vast international assemblage a royal banquet in its palace of a building on the corner of Clark and Jackson streets, Chicago.

When the reader is made aware of the circumstances surrounding this event he will readily recognize that it was meet and proper that this distinguished mark of esteem and honor should come from the hands of this company. Its renown had reached the ears of every people, and its kindly services had extended to every country. It stood peerless among its kind in America and foremost among similar institutions abroad. Indeed it was the chosen institution of this country that could command the respect of the representatives of the nations and the confidence and royal esteem of their sovereigns. The name of this company was spoken by every tongue, and through every language of earth it was brought into business and friendly relations with all nations. Tenements, castles, villas, and palaces were sheltered beneath its broad, assuring wings, and glad was this assemblage to break bread and be merry under this roof in testimony of regard and universal approbation. Thus it will be seen why it was proper that this great international

feast should be given by the Phenix Insurance Company, and why it could not reasonably or logically have been given by any other.

I now enter upon a task for which I feel my pen is too weak. The magnitude and magnificence of this banquet is beyond description. It stands so alone, so unapproached, that there is nothing with which to compare it, and nothing from the acquaintance with which one could form the most paltry idea of the least attendant incidents of this international feast, this banquet of the world.

The best architects, engineers, artists, sculptors, and decorators of the world were summoned to provide a place of sufficient magnitude and appointments in which to entertain the sovereigns of nations in keeping with that distinguished honor the occasion required. The architects and engineers surveyed the building and its surroundings, formulated their plans and specifications, and workmen of the best grade were employed by the thousands and the great work commenced. The third floor was selected for the banqueting hall. It was extended for three blocks on all sides and suspended by iron cables from towers erected which formed a square about the building eight blocks in diameter. Opening out from the center or main building were arches which formed a passage onto this extensive floor which was arranged in spaces for each of the legations present. From the extremes of this floor there were carried up the incline of the cables to the towers tiers of seats arranged to be occupied by distinguished visitors, who by this arrangement could command a splendid view of the entire floor. The floor and tiers of seats were canopied from the towers to the top of the center building which was extended upward 987 feet. The canopy was supported by wire cables extending from the center building down to the several towers surrounding it. The center building, by which is meant the office building before referred to, was carried up 987 feet and completed in one of the most magnificient domes that genius could suggest or fancy dream.

Beneath this floor was suspended by iron loops another floor on which were feasted the throng of visitors who beheld the inter-

national banquet from the tiers. Here were dance and song, athletic exhibitions, the minature bull fights of Spain and the arena of old Rome. Above the third floor were suspended ballustrated platforms containing the national bands of each country.*

The decoration of these immense spaces commanded tribute from all the arts and from earth, air, and sea. The canopy was festooned with the flags of all the nations, bearing the emblems, arms and rulers of each entwined with wreaths of the olive. The floor was of mosaic in which was inlaid with pearl the new code of international law that had just been adopted, the signatures thereto being in solid gold. The sentiments of the new code were illustrated by scores of marble statues in their appropriate places, in the center of which stood the goddess of universal peace, and above all of which stood the goddess of justice, the fold fallen from her eyes which had opened upon the new era of fraternal good will. The center building had its gilded outer walls arranged in pannels on which were painted the national feast of each nation, above which was placed a huge statue representing the congress of nations extending to each nation a tablet of the new laws wreathed with an olive branch, and lying upon a broken sword and rusted shield.

Through the aisles and about the passage-way encircling the entire floor were clusters of flowers selected from every season and from every clime. These were each guarded by the fairy that has a being in the legends of all nations. Arranged by a collection of unseen mirrors an optical illusion was produced as real as life. Away to the south, extending for miles was the geographical reproduction of the nations there assembled. The snows of the north, the forests of pine, and the land beneath the equator from which seemed to come the odors of the palm, the orange, and pomegranate and the spice-laden winds from the far Cathay. The dream of the artist was complete, and the senses of the beholder swooned in a delerium of joy at the scene.

*The building was entirely given up from commercial use for this occasion, and the extensions and additions were so arranged that they could be readily removed leaving the building in its former magnificent appointments.

In the center of the arches that formed the passage-ways from the main building were suspended a golden chalice and a cornucopia. Above, on a plate of silver, was engraven the mottos of each nation, and above these were the chairs of state and thrones of each nation modeled in ivory. Just above these were arranged clusters of electric lights, reflected from the Crerar tower, representing the different national colors. These clusters received a cheer from nations to which they belonged for they were emblematic of more than the national colors. They were arranged in form of the heraldic devices borne upon the national standards. There were the British lion, the American eagle, the Russian bear, the sword of Persia, the moon and stars of Turkey, the serpent of Mexico, the Chinese dragon, the crown of Germany, the raven, bull, horse, the sphinx, and so on through the list, presenting in one grand panorama a dazzling display of the colors and heraldrics that arouse the patriotism of all peoples of earth. Still above these were illustrated the legends and traditions which have given to nations their heroes, their song, their poetry and their art. The decorations of this center building presented a view not only full of lessons and illustrated story, but inspiring and cheering to the multitude that beheld it, to that vast concourse who looked upon it as the perfection of human effort, the realization of a divine dream.

With this meager description of this mammoth building I will have to leave the reader to the ecstacies of his own imagination. It is the evening of Monday of the last week of the Fair, 1893. The deep tones of the Moscow bell pealed forth the signal and the grand pageant of the world began to move towards the banquet halls. What magnificence was there, what a story of national achievements, what a history of conquests, the triumph of arms, and the glory of a universal peace! The panorama of the past passes before us. England with her feudalism, Magna Carta, her Reformation, and Bill of Rights. France with her revolution, her Napoleon, her Waterloo, her constitutional monarchy, and her republic. Spain with her monarchy, her cortes, and her constitution. Italy,

which rose in the pomp and splendor of her military glory to conquer the world, but fell under the iron hand of Austrian military power. Turkey which subdued the dominions of the Cæsars, and wrecked the fortunes of her legions at Malta. Switzerland with her Altorf the shrine of Swiss worship and the cradle of Swiss liberty. Belgium with her Flemings, her Philip II., her Inquisition, her Ramillies, her revolution, and her liberation. Russia had her Catharine, Napoleon had his Russia, and Europe the re-establishment of her independence. Austria had her emperor, her high council, her popular ministery, her constitution and feudal sovereignty. America had her Lexington and Yorktown, her Sumter and Appomatox and the halls of the brotherhood of nations. The story in panorama passes before us as the royal procession moves by in aerial chariots in view of fifteen million people. The procession reached the banquet hall and stepped from their gilded chariots in the presence of all that grandeur and were led to the places set apart for each nation. The national bands were on their suspended platforms. Away to the east was the dawn of day, the only light now upon the scene. An artificial sun had been made which rose and shed its full beams upon the throng; and when its first full light fell upon that vast concourse, the bands in succession struck up their national airs and received the applause from below. Band after band pealed forth their inspiring airs until the last, high up in the tower, broke forth in the stirring strains of "Hail Columbia" and the great building shook with universal applause. Then with one accord the bands joined in the new hymn of the federated nations. It rang out with the full force of the consolidated bands and rose and swelled and pealed and surged through the walls of people, out into the night and echoed from earth to heaven. It hung above that vast assemblage trembling, roaring, bursting like the full chorus of all the spheres, and then died away in the ferver of prayer, the lisping of praise.

The sun reached the meridian and the feast was spread. Those who will look for a menu card will look in vain. There was none,

for each nation sat down to a great national festival in commemoration of some revered holiday. Instead of the menu card were given souvenirs in the form of golden tablets on which was engraven the order of the evening's exercises. Amid the feast the sun glided from the meridian and sank into a crimson bed of glory. As its last beams touched the gilded dome, stars came out and a full moon rose in the east. As it rose to the meridian the bands showered down their silvery notes. A chorus of a thonsand voices trembled on the air of the new anthem of the brotherhood of nations. It died away in the sweet melody of dancing Sapphos, and was lost in the yodel of the Tyrol. As the feast was cleared away clouds spread above and shut out the light of stars and moon. For one second darkness reigned, and then the refulgence of the Crerar tower broke forth and flooded that vast scene with the brilliance and splendor of a dream of the fairies' paradise. Amid all these sublime surroundings native dancers of each country performed the national dance of each nation to the music of the national bands which ended in a grand march typifying the union of the nations.

As the Moscow bell pealed forth again the combined bands struck up the "Hymn of Universal Peace," and the gorgeous train began to move from the royal halls of the Phenix. President Harrison who, assisted by all the republics of America, had received the guests, took leave of them and followed in the wake of a procession that has revolutionized the world and planted the white flag of an eternal truce above all the nations of the earth. Philosophy stands mute at the great achievement wrought, and prophecy is weak before the sublime triumph that has crowned the exalted endeavors of centuries with a diadem studded with the jewels of every nation and stamped with the signet of international approbation.

Thus ended the most magnificent scene that ever broke upon the vaulting vision of any dreamer. Thus ended a scene greater in its magnitude and appointments, greater in its influence upon the world and coming generations, than could have been deemed any

where in the bounds of possibility three short years ago. The benign influence of this great event has already encircled the globe and is confined to the nations of this world only by the natural conditions of creation that have thus far isolated the earth. As the imperial city of Granada, the once proud western capital of the Moslem world, yielded to the arms of Ferdinan and Isabella, and the banners of the cross instead of the crescent waved triumphant over the red towers of the Alhambra, so to-day the silken banner of the brotherhood of nations waves in triumph over the white towers of the temple of universal peace.

In every country or city through which the traveler roams he is glad to visit some point of interest, some place of renown, or some monument that commemorates great achievement, national glory, or the consecration of memory to heroes or the departed great. London has her Westminster ; Cordova, the mezzinta; Venice, the Square of St. Mark; Florence, La Piazza della Signoria; Pisa, the Campo Santo; Seville, the cathedral; Granada, the Alhambra; Rome, the Coliseum, and America the Phenix, of Brooklyn.

## A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

Closing Scenes of the World's Fair — Description of Displays — Products of Advanced Science and Art — A Little Blaze, a Flash, a Leaping Flame — The Alarm — Flying Engines and Wild Men — Fire Boats in Lake Bellamy and Lake Michigan — The Flaming Petroleum Refinery — Fire-Men Fall Back from Death — A Rolling, Boiling Sea of Fire — Billows of Flame Sweep over the French and Russian Barracks — The Arsenal of Dynamite Wrapped in Flames — Great Loss of Valuable Property — The Insurance Placed — Its Prompt Adjustment and Payment — Solemn Ending of the Nations' Great Jubilee:

THERE are some themes on which the author dwells with emotions, pleasant, delightful and sweet. The charmed pen seems to leap forth with an inspiration and dwell with ecstacies upon the inviting theme. His whole being and all nature about him seem to conspire to paint the event in most pleasing hues and shed upon it the radiance of beauty's own loveliness. Again these themes are environed with events which cast a sadness like the brooding heart in the shadow of some great sorrow. The author feels depressed in the presence of such a theme, and the pen falters at the hard task before it. No inspiration impels and no happy conclusion allures, and yet the melancholy event with its hard features and sullen presence must be recorded.

When the feasting and merry-making were going on at the Phenix Building, as previously recorded, not one was there who remotely dreamed of the desolation and ruin that would meet the distracted gaze of awe-struck millions on the morrow. There was

naught there but the dream of the departed chivalry of arms and the realization of universal peace. But alas! A sad and melancholy *finale* awaited the banquet song, the festal dance, the blare of bugles, the thunder of drums, and the clash of cymbals that attended the cheer and merriment of the previous night. While the banqueters slept a tiny blaze as frail and delicate as a moth's wing was beginning in its mysterious way a tragedy meet for the prologue of hell.

In order that the reader may fully understand what follows in this chapter, it will be necessary to explain more fully the situation of buildings, exhibits, and attractions in the fair. Such is their location that one wandering about the grounds without a careful survey of the whole area would not be able to locate the buildings, even with regard to the points of the compass. A view from the Crerar Tower, while most excellent in obtaining a full sweep of the grounds, it does not give the beholder the comparative situations that are needful for a full appreciation of the tragedy here enacted. When the relative positions of these buildings, halls, and towers are once understood, their character as to material and use is seen, and the dimensions of the area covered known, a clear understanding can be had of the possibility of the enactment of the wild and awful scenes of the closing days of the World's Fair.

Beginning at the northern limits of the occupied portion of the park was a machinery hall, which extended along the boundary in close proximity to the freight depots, before described. This extensive hall was in addition to the pearl dome covering the machinery previously mentioned. The machinery placed in this immense hall was in active operation and was devoted to illustrating its specific use in the production of the manufactures wrought by the different kinds of machines. From the pearl dome a similar hall extended to the east and south-east in easy reach of the freights of that side. Thus situated, the handling of heavy freight was made comparatively easy, and the different machines were of ready access to the millions of visitors that thronged the halls daily. Opposite the Crerar Tower, to the west, was the center dome of this great hall,

rising seven hundred feet high. Between the two and toward both the north and south were located most of the buildings which contained the foreign exhibits of a special nature, and in them every foreign firm of standing was represented with extensive and costly exhibits.

In the large building which supported the central dome of the machinery halls was stationed the central device which communicated the power to the different lines of machinery which extended north and south. In this building, and occupying the south quarter of it, was located machinery for making material for buildings, sea walls, marine vessels and the like out of straw, and it could be seen in operation every day. Occupying the northern quarter of the same building was to be seen the huge machinery that made cottages and dwellings of wood, consisting of from four to twenty rooms, in sections ready to be shipped, and which could be set up in from four to eight hours. It could turn out from raw lumber from seven to sixteen houses, according to size, every twelve hours. To the south and adjacent to the machinery for working straw was located a new process for refining petroleum and manufacturing a fuel of intense heat from the refuse. Adjoining this was located the machinery employed in the recently-discovered process of compressing natural or artificial gas into solid blocks for use as fuel, and tons of these blocks were daily on exhibition. Next to this division was a complicated machine which, from cold water, manufactured a high explosive, by separating the oxygen from the water and combining it with other substances, procuring an explosive in appearance like gun cotton. Connected with this was a process by which, with this explosive, green leaves, wings of butterflies and flakes of snow could be empressed in plates of steel by sudden and powerful concussions. Next came a large room devoted to the process of decomposing naphtha whereby was obtained a subtile vapor which furnished the power for driving tunnel bolts through mountains. Joining this was a ponderous machine for compressing air into solid cubes. These blocks could be re-

stored to a state of air at will by a strong resolvent, and were used by marine divers and the adventurous spirits who try to work a passage to the moon. On toward the south this line of machinery ran, and at all times could be seen the production of articles which advanced science and invention have made possible.

To the north and immediately adjoining the shop devoted to making houses, was located an apparatus for extracting from water and air a highly combustible substance known as flammine, and could be ignited by the faintest ray from the sun. This was preserved in leathern covered vessels, and by turning a small thumb screw, a flame would instantly issue forth. Still, to the north of this, was a device for concentrating the rays of light into a large glass vessel which would shine with the brilliancy of the noon day sun throughout the longest night. A short distance from this place was located the wonder of the age. It had been discovered that natural gas was the product of a highly inflammable substance formed near the earth's crust by the intense heat within. While this was a solid substance, it was at once vaporized in contact with the atmosphere. By driving a tunnel bolt through the earth's crust and forcing a column of air down the aperture immense quantities of the fluid could be obtained and stored. This fluid was compressed into blocks of different sizes which were varnished. In this state they remained until the coating was broken and the block would burn with great heat and powerful explosive force. It was put to several uses. In dry weather, a cubic foot of it was driven to the upper air strata by naphtha vapor, and there by a properly graded time fuse it was ignited. The great heat caused the rushing together of air currents of different temperatures, and a copious shower was the result. Again, if the rain fall was to great, by a similar proceedure the clouds could be blown into atoms and the flood abated. On the approach of a cyclone or tornado, a charge could be projected in the vicinity of either and the approaching destruction blown into innocuous desuetude. Twice in this way was the fair saved from destruction by cyclones.

Next to this interesting section came a number of shops employed in the manufacture of all articles from wood and paper. Then came a building of wonderful proportions, frowning and repellent. Its huge walls of granite were covered with shields of solid steel, over which constantly poured sheets of water. Inside was manufactured and placed on exhibition, the smokeless powder adopted by the German army. For the balance of the way machinery for manufacturing miscellaneous articles was displayed.

To the south and opposite Lake Bellamy was exhibited the new dynamite guns of the French, in connection with which was shown the manufacture of dynamite cartridges. Near by was quartered a detachment of Russian troops which gave exhibitions in Lake Bellamy of Russia's new mode of warfare on water. The soldiers swimming with all their accoutrements, performed all the details of drill and the manœuvres of battle.

The foreign exhibits, as before stated, occupied the large square to the east of the machinery halls and north of the Russian barracks and French dynamite plant. In this space was displayed millions of wealth exposed to the accidents of conflagration and the dangers of storm.

The subject mostly discussed in foreign countries, before these immense quantities of exhibits were shipped, was the proper course to pursue in securing them against loss. Home insurance companies were discussed, and their agents were busy in their efforts to secure this great clientage. But Gotlieb Frieheit, an authority on this subject, and the foremost business man in Europe, took out his policy in the Phenix of America, and that put an end to the discussion in this regard. So that when the exhibits were placed in the great square above described, of all the insurance placed on the aggregate of this vast wealth of products, the Phenix held 55 per cent. This was due to the reputation of this company, both at home and abroad, regarding its reliability, integrity, and prompt business methods. Many companies could not understand how such great patronage was bestowed upon the Phenix, but the writer

in a few short interviews with the exhibitors soon discovered that this preference for this company was based on sound business principles which seek to make every investment safe, and from the whole world, the Phenix was selected as a choice of prudence and good judgement.

The reader who has followed the description of the location of buildings, halls, factories, and displays, has a sufficent knowledge of the situation to discern the logic of the direful events which follow.

It will be readily understood that the Phenix Insurance Company, having such large risks in the property insured, was desirous of surrounding them with all the protection available. With this object in view, the company obtained from the directorate of the World's Fair, the permission to patrol the park in the manner in which the city of Chicago is patrolled, bringing into service the latest and best appliances in fire protection. These appliances were manned by well drilled firemen, and the most efficient fire boats that could be made were placed in Lake Bellamy and Lake Michigan. Those in Lake Michigan were the largest and most powerful made, and could throw a stream of water eight inches in diameter with great accuracy for the distance of one mile. Stand pipes were erected about the grounds equipped for use should such a calamitous necessity demand. The latest improvements in electrical alarms and signals were arranged, and the whole equipment was ample and complete.

The night of the banquet was a gala night. The exposition grounds were comparatively deserted, so great were the attractions along the streets of Chicago and in the vincinity of the Phenix Building. The tiers of seats arranged for visitors gave accommodations to about twelve million people, and the streets, windows, roofs of houses and temporized platforms, were crowded. The night was given up to pleasure and merry-making, and not until two o'clock on Tuesday morning did the revelers disperse and the halls and streets become vacant, and quiet reigned throughout the city.

Some time after the close of the banquet, it must have been near three o'clock, began a scene pen cannot describe.

In the department where straw was manufactured into building material, an electric wire had broken from its insulation and dropped upon the floor below. Friction on the loop that held the wire in its place had worn away the silken threads that insulated the wire. It was a small place, yet it fell across a single straw that stretched out from a little pile that had not been run through the machine at closing down the day before. There was a red glow as of a live coal for a brief moment, then a blue point rose and changed into the yellowish white of a flame that flickered, died down and rose again. It was but a little blaze and could have been smothered with the tiny foot of a babe, or blown out by the waive of a lady's fan, but no one knew, no one saw it. Just on the other side of the storage battery sat a guard, but he did not know, could not see. Slowly the little flame crawled along the straw, dancing and chuckling at the romp it anticipated in the pile of straw before it.

The guard rose, looked upon the quiet scene before him and sat down. Dancing a little higher the flame went on mite by mite until scarcely an inch remained between it and the straws in which it was eager to spring. Beyond this were bales of straw chemically prepared for manufacture. The little flame did not see this or mind it. With a little leap it lit upon the pile of straw and quick as a flash a blaze of mingled yellow, blue, red and green, shot straight into the air and leaped and rose and fell and hissed like a firey fountain. The guard arose, glanced at the burning straw, turned in the local alarm, and slipped the loop that held the hose at his side. The watch came running in answer to the call, the guard turned around with the nozzle pointed toward the blaze, but amasement and fright struck him motionless and dumb. The flames had leaped upon the stacks of bales and from their sides and tops danced and waved and roared and laughed and screamed and jeered and mocked in fiendish glee.

Not a moment was lost till a half dozen streams of water shot with steady aim into the flames. But the wall of fire was like a wall of granite and moved not. Growing in force and gaining in fury, it licked the sides and dome of the tower, reached the piles of lumber to the north and rose and fell and caught the hall where were stored rooms and basements with the terrible flammine. Report after report marked the progress of the hungry flames, and flash after flash drove back the guards who had become as pigmies before the giant conflagration that now confronted them. A general alarm was turned in and in a moment scores of engines were rushing, screaming, thundering here and there, the fierce whistle from the fire-boats signalled their readiness for action, and amid the roaring, screaming, hissing, clashing flames the commands of officers struggled, faltered, fell and were not understood.

It was the work of but a few moments, but the central tower of that vase machinery hall stood wrapped in flames and a hole was burned into the night. The populace began to assemble, but the police were already there forcing them back, back from the heat, back from the rush of engines, back from the surging throng of brave firemen, back from the leaping, twisting, writhing flames, back from death.

But the tower! Writhing in flames and white with heat, it trembled and tottered as its iron beams, columns, stringers, girders, twisted, warped and snapped. Its dome realed and swayed. Its pillars shook, crushed, fell, and that magnificent height of fitful flame and glowing beams, lay groaning, sobbing, wailing in one smouldering heap. Its life had burned out and with its fall the dusk of fading flame fell upon the scene. All seemed over, and a cheer arose from the gathered multitude and rang and trembled above the sullen clouds of smoke that hung above the ruin below.

In the basement of the flammine building, where none could see, where none dreamed of mischief, a little flame stopped to lick a small flask. With the frenzy of awakened hunger it crounched the larger vessels, leaped upon hogsheads of fluid, surged through

the floors, the roof, and puffed a thousand feet into the night. Again the engines sniffed the heated air, leaped into the harness and charged the demon foe clad in mail of fire.

The full force and attention of the department were turned toward this mountain of seething flame, and no one saw the little blaze gnawing at the oaken floor of the petroleum refinery. No one saw the little flame as it sucked up the oil from the floor and crawled on toward the blocks of compressed fuel. No one heard the snapping, spitting of the blocks, or felt their intense heat. No one saw them melt through the floor and fall—fall into a huge vat of oil, but thousands affrighted souls stood fixed with awe as that burning sea rolled its billows of flame up the walls, out through the doors and windows and swept to the south in one rolling, seething, bubbling tide of fire.

"Back, men, for your lives!" rose above the din and roar and thunder of the storm of conflagration. The voice bounded, faltered, trembled and leaped along the lines, and the men at the nozzles tugged like savage things at their lines of pipes as they fell back sullenly, fighting stubbornly the waves of flame that dashed and splashed and crashed and flung a spray of fire like meteors through the air.

"For God's sake, men, to your chief!" rang out a command voiced with the energy of dispair. Ten thousand faces raised, ten thousand hearts stood still. Yonder, a hundred feet above the raging fiery tide, on the roof of the French Armory, stood the chief, bareheaded and coatless, shouting down his commands to the brave men below.

"Gods, men, for your hope of heaven, on to your chief!" But the men stood fixed as stone as they beheld the fire burst out through the windows just beneath their chief, and drop through the floor, down, down toward the basement where were scores of caissons filled with dynamite. The populace knew and the blood froze in their veins. Every limb was chained with fear and every tongue was dumb. The reaction came, and a wild cheer went up as the

firemen rushed with frenzied fury toward the armory. The fiery sea bubbled and seethed before them ; shot its flaming billows into the air and mocked and laughed. The firemen faltered, stopped, and fell back.

The fireboats on Lake Bellamy screamed a signal of distress filled with terror and dispair. One glance and all the horrors of hell's fury rose in one horrible, sickening scene of desolation. The sea of fire had rolled far toward the east and the flame-crested billows, leaping, climbing, mounting, were breaking hard upon the Russian and French barracks. Mad with fright the soldiers were running, calling, cursing, praying, blinded with smoke and scorched with heat. A few of the Russians reached the lake and swam with the iron stroke of desperation out from the roar, out from the smoke, out from the flame, out from the jaws of death. The others battled through smoke and flame, climbed to the roof and stood fixed as statues of death above the burning earth beneath. Quick as thought the crew from the fire boat was at the rescue and with cheers for the living and defiance at death, the brave firemen stood with hoisted ladders against that roaring flame, that blinding smoke and scorching heat, until the last man was saved.

To the west the fireman surged like wild beasts to the rescue of their chief. Streams of water played upon them, on the ground and fire before them. The fire was on the second floor above the caissons, but they heeded not. One fell here, another there and were carried back. Struggling on with the desperation of savages, they soon shot a ladder up through the smoke and heat. Up it rose like a beacon of hope, trembled, swayed and reeled. Steady, again it rose, but a flush of flame drove it from the roof, and hope fell in the bravest heart. The flames had burst from beneath the roof and the ladder could not be lowered to the chief. It was but eight feet away, but could go no nearer. "Leap for your life!" burst from the men below. The chief poised on the edge of the roof for a moment, and then with one bound, one dispairing leap for life, he shot out headlong through the thin

flames, blinded and choking he struck out wildly for the ladder. One hand grasped a rung and his body fell heavily against the stays. The populace stood chilled with horror. His other hand gained a hold, but his limbs fell limp. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed. "Lower the ladder!" shouted a strong voice, and firmly, steadily the swooning man descended, a hundred hands stretched out to lift him to the ground, and a cheer arose that rent the dome of earth.

The fire raged to the south. Noon came and evening. The fire had burned out to the north. The morning of the next day came and the fire to the south, and to the east to Lake Bellamy, like a great beast, which, overcome by its own mad fury, lies down upon the plain and dies, was smouldering low in its last throes of death. Why the fire never burst through the iron floor above the caissons of dynamite, God only knows. Its failure to do so saved the lives of thousands whose fright had numbed fear and blunted the consciouness of danger.

The ruin was complete, awful and profound. Owing to the excellent patrol not a life was lost. The full amount of property destroyed could not be obtained. Through the kindness of the courteous officers of the Phenix Insurance Company, I am enabled to give the largest item of loss. The checks drawn by this company and delivered the same day the adjustments were made, aggregated $93,421,298,37. The promptness of this company was extensively commented on by the press, and is without a parallel in the history of insurance and financial transactions. It has made the company celebrated both at home and abroad, and its prompt business methods, reliability, and strict integrity have won for it the appellation, the "PHENIX OF AMERICA."

# THE ROYAL EXCURSION.

Its Bearing on International Commerce and Amity—The New World Opened up—The Royal Guests--The Triumph of Transportation—Oriental Splendor and Luxury—A train of twenty Sections—Courtesy of Railroad Officials—Down to the Beautiful Virginia—White Sulphur Springs—Banquet and Ball—Toasts by Mr. D. Ostrander, the Prince of Wales, President Carnot, Caprivi and Others—Down to Florida—An Ovation—Rock Ledge, Florida—A Feast for the Gods—Speech-making and Merriment—On through the South—The Return—Honors to T. R. Burch.

THERE is one event in connection with the history of the World's Fair that cannot be passed with a simple notice. The event in itself is of importance in illustrating the possibilities of transportation in this country and the wonderful facilities and comforts in the railways of America. Beyond this an importance attaches, which cannot at this day be calculated. It lies in the spirit of liberality and friendliness that this event has created between the peoples of different nations, and the impetus it has given to international commerce and amity. It literally opened up a new world to the people of the East, and revealed to them the endless resources, and expanse of this country. There has been no official act, no treaty, diplomacy, or international agreement made that has the one hundredth part of the influence in bringing about these important affairs, as has had this event which has filled the world with amazement and admiration.

On the 27th of September, 1890 Mr. T. R. Burch issued the following invitation to all the important personages of this and other countries:

CHICAGO, September 27, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR: I, with the assistance of the courteous management of our railway systems, have arranged a grand railway excursion through some of the most beautiful portions of our fair South. The company will consist of the President, his Cabinet, Congressmen, governors, railroad officials, business men, etc., and of the officials and delegated representatives of foreign countries. Ample accommodations have been provided, with suitable entertainments along the route. The ride will be free from fatigue, and opportunities will be given for forming an acquaintance with fertile and inviting portions of our country.

You will greatly honor and oblige me by expressing your acceptance of this invitation to be one of our party.

Yours very truly,

T. R. BURCH.

There were not hundreds of these invitations sent out, but thousands of them, and, with but few exceptions, they were accepted. When the answers to these invitations were received it was seen that never had such a party been assembled. Such a list of autographs had never before been in the hands of any man, and no man before, or will there ever again be such, the guiding spirit of so royal a party of tourists. There were the Prince of Wales the English ministry and members of Parliament, Caprivi and members of the Reichstag, Carnot, M. Roche, members of the Cabinet, Frances Joseph, Dr. Dunajewski, Austrian Minister of Finance, Dr. Wekerle, Hungarian Minister of Finance, and representatives from many other nations. Also the President of the United States, his Cabinet, members of Congress, Ministers, Governors, etc. From the railroads were S. F. B. Morse, President of the Kentucky Central; Ed McCormick, General Manager Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton; C. M. Depew, President

of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; F. C. Donald, President New York Central; F. A. Miller, Superintendent Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent Chicago & Eastern Ills.; D. I. Roberts, President Pennsylvania Railway; W. F. White, President Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Chas. O. Scull, President Baltimore & Ohio; J. Charlton, Superintendent Chicago & Alton; W. E. Davis, General Manager Chicago & Grand Trunk; John Sebastian, President Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Louis Eckstein, General Manager Wisconsin Central; James Barker, General Passenger Agent Michigan Central; A. H. Hanson, President Illinois Central; A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent New York Central; P. S. Eustis, General Manager Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; W. A. Thrall, President Chicago & Alton, W. R. Busenbark, General Manager Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City; J. J. Byrne, General Manager Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; W. H. Hollister, General Passenger Agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; J. F. McClure, General Passenger Agent Chicago & Alton; W. F. Bailey, General Passenger Agent New York, Lake Erie & Western, and Chicago & Erie, and others.

The following newspaper men were of the company: James J. West, proprietor of the New York *World;* J. R. Dunlop, managing editor of the *Times;* Harry Ballard, editor of the *Inter Ocean;* John McGovern, editor of the *Herald;* Stanley Waterloo, editor of the *Evening Post;* Ed J. McPhelin, dramatic critic of the New York *Herald;* Harry Yount, managing editor of the *Morning News;* W. K. Sullivan, editor-in-chief of the New York *Tribune;* John M. Dandy, manager *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper;* Mrs. Frank Leslie, of the London *Times;* Murat Halsted, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* Bill Nye, editor of *Life;* James Whitcomb Riley, Poet Laureate; Henri Watterson, editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* M. H. De Young, of the New York *Tribune;* John McLean, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette;* Walt McDougal, of *Puck;* E. Zimmerman, of *Judge;* Allen Forman, proprietor of *The Journalist;*

J. S. Clarkson, proprietor of the *Tribune;* Joseph Medill, Minister to France; W. P. Nixon, Collector of Customs, Chicago; Marshall P. Wilder, humorist; E. Hough, Western Agent and Correspondent for *Forest and Stream;* Frank Burrelle, proprietor of Bureau of Press Clippings.

The excursion had been arranged to start the day after the close of the Fair, and Mr. Burch, Mr. D. Ostrander and railroad officials were busy completing arrangements that everything might be in readiness and in perfect order. It can be readily understood that no ordinary mode of travel could be tendered this company, and the management would not think of stopping short of the very best that could be produced. So when the day arrived for the start, there stood in the sheds of the new Southern Central depot one of the most magnificent trains that ever felt the force of steam. The coaches looked externally as if they had been prepared for parlor furniture, and inside they appeared as the interior of some palace which had caught the dream of oriental luxury. The train consisted of twenty sections of six palace cars each, drawn by engines of burnished steel adorned with gold and silver. These sections as they stood there, beautiful as a picture from the hands of some grand, old master, were photographed by numerous photographers, who drove a thriving business in selling their pictures. The *Tribune* and *Herald* devoted one entire issue of thirty-four pages in giving descriptions of this train, copies of which, printed on silk, were given to each member of the excursion party as a souvenir, both of the press and railroad interests of this country. What fifty or a hundred years may bring forth may not be dreamed, but to sit here and look at this magnificent train in all its beauty, splendor and grace, it seems as if the art of car construction had reached the bounds of possibility.

The morning of the final starting day dawned. It was one of those days when earth is satisfied with itself and all nature is in the calm repose of perfect contentment—a soft, dreamy day when Indian summer trails over earth her fringe of haze and scatters free her golden tresses from her royal crown.

At 4:30 p. m. the train was to move, and from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. special gates were thrown open in order that the public might get a nearer view of this renowned train which was to be charged with the care of so important a company. It was a busy day with the guards about the grounds and trains, but with the arrangements made, the crowd was passed along without jar or mishap. The ladies, always ready to seize opportunities, improved the occasion to leave for some admired personage the finest bouquets the florists could produce. So by the time the crowd had been shut off by the closed gates, the cars looked like they had received a visit from fairy land.

At the proper hour Mr. Burch had electrical carriages sent for his guests, to convey them to the trains. Here again was a scene, the like of which will never be witnessed again. Carriage after carriage arrived, until the magnificent appointments of the depot, the splendor of the train, and the brilliancy of the vehicles had crowded together in one view the most gorgeous picture eyes ever beheld. Sun never shown on a more brilliant array in the Orient than it did to-day in America. Mr. Burch was everywhere an object of interest and wherever he appeared he received the applaudits of those who stood amazed at the glory he had wrought. Not a hitch in the whole proceedings occured. The intensity of American crowds was understood, and police were stationed about to hold the crowd back as it is the tendency of all Americans to be right along in the procession.

The time of "all aboard" was sounded, and the gates swung back to a company representative of all the world. Mr. Morse, of the Kentucky Central, which owns the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, tendered his lines for the great excursion, and without a jar or sound the trains rolled out and away on their royal route.

At Cincinnati the lines of the Chesapeake & Ohio had been prepared for the trains, to which they were immediately transferred. Soon the engines were sniffing the fresh morning air and shooting

out over a country whose scenery is picturesque and grand. On it went toward the mountains, on into the passage of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, down the banks of the Green Brier, into and through the great canyons of the New River. On through this beautiful scenery the trains dashed, and the flying spectators sat spell-bound, too entranced to move or pursue the course of conversation. On they went in light and shade, but I cannot stop to describe the scenery that enrapted them. I must hasten on to White Sulphur Springs, where a banquet awaits the renowned tourists.

As fast as the trains rolled into this charming resort, carriages, which were held in readiness, drove the company to the Grand Central Hotel, the pride of the great commonwealth of Virginia. Here, after baths, toilets and a rest, Mr. Burch led the guests into the dining room and turned them over to the hospitalities of Major B. F. Eakle, whose guests they became. After a formal presentation the guests stood by their chairs at the festal boards as Major Eakle received them in the following address of welcome :

FOREIGN BROTHERS, FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, GENTLEMEN :

I bid you welcome to the historic soil of Virginia, and give you the freedom of the Commonwealth. Virginia as you know could meet a foreign foe as sturdy yeomanry, and you will learn that it can welcome foreign friends as filial spirits. You will learn that it can be as hospitable as it was brave (cheers.) While its mountains may stand as eternal battlements, its valleys lie in a dream of peace and yield their bounties to the gracious touch of all. While I feel impressed with the mark of distinction and honor you have bestowed on me by this visit, I am happy to discern that the allurements of this spot were too great to be passed by, and proud am I of my country that has been thus so highly honored. Yonder is the valley of plenty, the rock smitten in the wilderness from which flowed forth living streams of water, the oasis in the desert world, the softest spot on nature's breast where man can lean and rest.

And here in this beautiful spot, I, in my humble lot, would fain express the hope that this meeting may be typical of the eternal peace of all nations and prophetic of the happiness, prosperity and immortal love that shall bind all in one common brotherhood. Gentlemen, I give you a cordial welcome.

After the applause had subsided, Mr. Burch, speaking for the party stated that Mr. D. Ostrander would respond to the address of welcome on the part of the company. Mr. Ostrander had endeared himself to all present by his genial, social, and urbane manner and for the constant source of entertainment he had been to all.

Mr. Ostrander said:

OUR HOST AND GENTLEMEN:

I do not understand why I, out of all this company whose trade is speech-making, should be designated as the one to respond to the beautiful address to which we have just listened. I am sure, however, that if the hearts of all present were searched, none could be found more in harmony with this great occasion, or more grateful for the freedom just given us to these scenes of enchantment, than mine. I never enter the great and historic state of Virginia without feeling that I should uncover my head and pull off my sandals, for verily it is holy ground on which I stand. Our fathers stood here and heard the thunder of war, but we assemble here today and hear the whispers of peace in every breeze, and its voice in every purling stream. (Applause.) May I be permitted to say, say with gratefulness of heart and a deep abiding thankfulness, that where we and all the nations of earth once spoke of a North and a South, we now look across the graves of fallen brothers and in the holy consciousness of a new baptism, bless the glorious bonds of one common country. (Prolonged cheers.)

We see here the patriarch mountains standing as immortal sentinels with their eternal vigils set beside the quiet valleys below. Beautifully symbolic is this of the pillars of law and monuments of brotherhood that have set the signet of their holy vigils upon the

peace of all nations. (Cheers.) The pæans of a new era, sweet as the lisping winds of these valleys, and eternal as the heavens that bend above, have already set the soul of song triumphal in the hymns of nations and the choirs of earth in harmony sing. Truly we see the fulfillment of the prophecy when the sword shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. The conquests of war shall be forgotten in the nobler conquests of peace and the greater achievements wrought in friendly emulation. Standing here amid the freedom of these mountains, the inspiring liberty of these valleys, cannot we see why America rose dowered with the spirit of a republic, and why, under the inspiration of all this free, unshackled nature, it could have been nothing else. (Applause.)

I know I speak the sentiments of this company when I respond to our host's kind words of welcome with profound thanks. (Prolonged applause.)

The signal was given to be seated, and the repast was spread, and what a feast was there. The gods had never such. I cannot describe it for I grow hungry every time my thoughts revert to it, and my meals to-day grow stale in comparison. When the courses had been served and the tables cleared, the host arose and announced that it was the pleasure of the company to have some informal toasts in which the impressions of America by our foreign visitors might be expressed and, therefore, with that sentiment he would beg the honor of hearing from the Prince of Wales.

The Prince was greeted with real hearty American applause as he arose. He awaited the passing of the demonstrations and said:

HONORED GENTLEMEN:

As I stand here away toward the celebrated field of Lexington, and, looking over the broad expanse of this boundless land of great achievement and greater possibilities, and behold the marvelous prosperity and contentment and happiness of this people, I am profoundly happy that it is also possible for me to stand so near a Yorktown.

Cheers and handkerchiefs went up together at this neat speech, and if the prince should ever be received by his subjects as heartily as he was by his companions here, he may rest satisfied.

Major Eakle rose and named President Carnot of France who responded as follows:

HONORABLE HOST AND GENTLEMEN:

It is related some place in history that there once chanced to meet in Paris an American minister, probably Franklin, a minister from England, and a representative of the French government. Over their wine these gentlemen proposed that each drink a toast to his own country. The English minister arose and said: "Here is to England, the sun, around which all the worlds revolve." The Frenchman arose and replied: "Here is to France, the moon, which eclipses the sun and hides its face from earth." The American minister calmly rose and said: "Here is to Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him," and, after what I have seen here in your unsurpassed country, I believe it.

When the deafening applause died away the gallant host said: It is now the pleasure of the company to hear from Chancellor Caprivi, after which we will adjourn to the dance.

All eyes were immediately turned upon the Chancellor. It will be noticed that the Prince of Wales and President Carnot had not touched upon any international questions. It was not expected they would, but under the circumstances the seal fisheries in England and the pork question in France were impressed upon all present. Had Bismarck been in the place of Caprivi it would have been naturally expected that some great, practical international question would have received his attention upon this most favorable opportunity. But what course the present Chancellor would pursue was a matter of doubt and much interest. Whether he would speak for his government, for the Kaiser or for himself personally, was a matter of no little concern as the speaker rose.

Chancellor Caprivi said:

MEIN FRIENDS AND GENTLEMEN: I had not before now seen America already. It ish grand und beautifuller als any oder cundry. It stretch oud from ocean to ocean und ish big mit possipillities. It ish a goot cundry, und ven I gots heim I vill done have some American hog in Fatterland. [Tremendous applause.] Die hot sissiges in dis cundry sind not unrivalled die vorld in. It vas vorth fightin' apout tell your faders, und do it agin ebery time. We have not done a good part py die American hog, put since I habe his acquaintance made he shall be franchised as any oder German, und no tariff pay. [Cheers.] Das vas a goot dinner und now las uns zu die dance gehen.

While the applause was still echoing throughout that great hotel the company filed out to the ball room, where the beauty and chivalry of Virginia had gathered. The reader may revel in the dance to his heart's content, but we must hasten on to Florida where another feast awaits this royal company.

The ride down that beautiful portion of the South was like swinging through the fairy fields of enchantment on cots of luxury. When at Rock Ledge, Florida, lying in the picturesque valley of Indian River, the sun was standing at high noon, casting down a refulgence that could fall from only a southern sun. Here it gilded the cliffs, bronzed the landscape, heaped the shadows in the dells, and there upon the summits it lay like molten gold. From throughout all that vicinity a delegation had gathered with bands and choirs and gave the visitors a grand ovation. Carriages were in readiness and, amid banners, the music of the bands and song from the choirs, the party was conducted to the Hotel Indian River for refreshment and rest. But there was not one to be found who needed rest. All were soon at windows, on the balconies or strolling about the grounds bathing in the sunlight that fell purified through perfume-laden air. The odors from the orange and tropical bloom wafted to them and the palm waved above. Strolls and carriage drives filled the afternoon. The evening came, and the dining-room never will again shine upon such a scene. There

had been put forth the best effort of that sunny land. The fruits and flowers of all seasons had brought forth their best gifts to cheer and adorn, and every clime had brought of its bounty to enrich the feast.

Mr. Burch led the way to the banquet hall. Mr. J. M. Lee was standing at the head of the table, and, as the guests reached their places, Mr. Burch presented them as follows:

Mr. J. M. LEE, OUR MOST GRACIOUS HOST: I have the high honor and unspeakable pleasure of presenting you as guests this distinguished company. You behold here the honorable representatives of our sister countries, fresh from the compact of nations where a new era has been ushered in for the peoples of the world. Rejoiced over the great advancement wrought, flushed with a new hope for the future, they seek rest from their labors in a tour of your beautiful Southern clime. Allured by the enrapturing scenes of this land of flowers, these crystal waters, blue skies and golden sun, we pause here to partake of the ambrosial feast and sip the waters of eternal youth. I present you your distinguished charge.

Mr. LEE responded:

DISTINGUISHED SIRS: I welcome you to the sunland. I welcome you to the land of the orange, the lemon, the olive, the pine apple and the palms, to the land laved by southern seas. Oldest in the history of the new world, we boast of a chivalry that reaches from the errantry of Spain to the nobility of nineteenth century America. I welcome you to the land of Ponce de Leon, of Narvaez, of de Soto, seekers for the spring of eternal youth, and give you freedom of these glades where you will find the font the impatient de Leon did not discover. Please be seated.

At the conclusion of the feast the host expressed his desire to hear from his guests in the way of informal toasts, and asked the President of the United States to be so kind as to express a sentiment for some of his friends. The President glancing about the room, stated he knew the company would be pleased to hear of the great railroad interests of this country and their future, and named Mr. S. F. B. Morse.

Mr. MORSE arose and said:

Mr. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Amid this company of brilliant railroad men it is with no little diffidence that I approach a subject of such magnitude and far-reaching interests. Upon this trip you have had an exhibition of the possibilities of the railways of today. Ten short years ago such a triumph was not dreamed; five years ago this triumph, this attainment of luxury and speed in travel was not thought possible. But even today, with its giant strides of engineering this vast interest is in its infancy. Railroad engineering is still in its swaddling clothes. We are yet of the earth earthy, but we are destined to be of the air airy. The steel rails over which you whirl today will be beaten into plow-shares, and the car of the future will sail through air as gracefully and as beautifully as the loved song-bird of your southland. Man was given power over the earth, the sea and the air. He has subdued the earth, mastered the sea and is approaching the conquest of the air. Before that time comes electricity may send a train under the ocean through a floating tunnel, but it will not be long before it will speed above the ocean through the trackless air. [Prolonged applause.]

Mr. Morse was heartily congratulated, for he had awakened enthusiasm within all present. The President then announced several gentlemen, who responded to sentiments of universal interest. Presently the President arose and said: We cannot leave this beautiful State, adorned with bloom and enriched with fruit as it is, without having a health to it, the dream of slumbering nature. I behold in the party a native of this great commonwealth, and I know we all will be pleased to have a health to beautiful Florida from him, Mr. Tennyson.

That meant the author of this story, and all the lights seemed to go out. I thought the earthquake of Charleston had broken out again, and I felt the earth fast slipping away from beneath me. Speaking is not my trade, and when this announcement was made the cold, clammy sweat stood out on me like rain. I thought of home and the peaceful retreats of youthful seclusion, and longed for a plunge into the Everglades. Make a speech, and before that audience! Reader, did you ever have the nightmare? Think of my torture. Did you ever

see a ghost? Think of my terror. With clenched fists and set teeth I staggered to my feet. I tried to make a good speech. I said something, for I heard a noise all the time I had the floor. I saw hands flapping and handkerchiefs flying, and I suppose the audience heard it. I cannot be qualified as to what I did say, but this is as it was when I clipped it from the columns of the "Florida Times Union." Probably the reporter could not read his notes, and copied the whole thing out of the dictionary, but I have not the heart to disturb its serene garb. Here it is:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If there is one more than another who should drink to the health of this flower-bathed land, I am that drinker. In this sun-kissed State I first saw the color of light, and formed the acquaintance of my parents. This is a land of magnitude, of compass, of magnificent distances, heights and depths. From this land grows immensity itself. Strong in creative force, it is patient in detail. When it grew the mighty palm, it also grew the little blades of grass. When it wrought the everlasting hills, it wrought also the little grain of sand. When it formed these fathomless lakes, it formed the tiny shell upon their shores. When it made the mighty seas, it made the insects that abide within them. When it grew me, it grew a daisy [enthusiastic applause]. Great in history, bright in memories, it rose above the din of wrecking worlds without a tremor, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world. She sat upon her seven hills grand, gloomy and peculiar, and if that be treason make the best of. Look at St. Augustine, that dark-browed, sweetly-smiling Sappho by the sea, ancient, gray haired, and yet so strong. The Spanish blood that once proudly coursed its veins, was revolutionized in 1776, and Americanized during the last earthquake. Its fame is world extensive, and had there been another set of seven hills it would have been there. Look at our lakes, so clear that the heavens bend under the same as above, and where generations on generations have dragged up drowned honor by the locks. [Cheers.] Look at our air, so clear you cannot see it, so gracious, so child-like and bland; it smelleth the battle afar off, and its

neck is clothed with thunder. [Applause.] Look at our sun, brighter than any sun as it rises up over the Rocky Mountains, stern sentinels of the stars, and spreads its burnished pinions to the east, bathes its plumage in the thunder's home, and settles down at night to rest upon its eastern crag. Look at our moon as it rises fresh washed from the western waves, floats like a radiant angel over southern seas, and, like a ball of far off fading fire [cheers], rolls down the eastern skies and wakes the sleeping nations under ground. [Wild applause.]

Look at our stars, the holes punched through the heavens to paradise, the windows of the new Jerusalem, shedding their light on this land of flowers like the beams of an angel's smile. [Applause.] When Florida rose as a tawny youth to do battle in its race with civilization, it girded its loins with the red band of sunset, bended its bows from the forests primeval and tipped its arrows with the horns of the moon. Before its strong arm the Indian, the Spanish, the French and the British were made to bite the dust [applause], but the dust still lives. [Uproarious applause.] But the American eagle, that fierce bird of war, now mates with the dove, that sweet emblem of peace. You may talk about your Lexingtons and Yorktowns, your Joshuas and suns and moons and your flying cars, but Columbus came nearer discovering America right here than any place in the world, and four hundred years have indorsed the wisdom of his choice. Where is the land thus honored? Where, gentlemen, in all the extent of a slumbering continent was it wakened from its sleep by the touch of civilization? Right here, here where the chariot rolled from out the sea and scattered the dews of a new life upon its quickening form. Here arose that splendor and grandeur which eclipsed the radiance of the East and set upon the brow of hoary age the signet of its own immortality. The eternal sun, the everlasting hills, the great globe itself bows in holy reverence to the matchless glory of this great commonwealth and crowns her the revered mother of all the States. Among these scenes was freedom first unchained and when its century-locked shackles burst, its voice of triumph broke through the day and rang down the ages, awaking patriotism in the slumbering valleys and up

the immortal mountain heights, until throughout this land, o'er budding leagues and blooming States, the light of liberty burst from the billows of night. [Sensation.] Mother of States, I greet you. Spirit of freedom, unborn millions will bless you, and from the east, west, north and south, the hymn of the new redemption will rise to crown your brow with song, and in thy lofty ears will hum the music of the spheres and the morning stars in chorus set, till in the words of that noble bard—the poet—poet—I have forgotten his name, but he said—he said—said—I've forgotten what he said too. [Wild and continued applause.] As long as the heavens shall bend above us, as long as the earth shall stand beneath, so long will this, the crown and glory of all States, stand like the immortal matchlessness of everlasting eternity. The diadems of the Cæsars and the crowns of potentates shall grow lusterless and faint in the presence of thy vaulting altitude and limitless boundlessness of the fathomlessness greatness of thy indeterminable extensiveness. States upon States, continents upon continents, worlds upon worlds, heavens upon heavens, time without end, ages without limit, eons, Florida, hallelujah, Fourth of July. *E pluribus unum, gloria.*

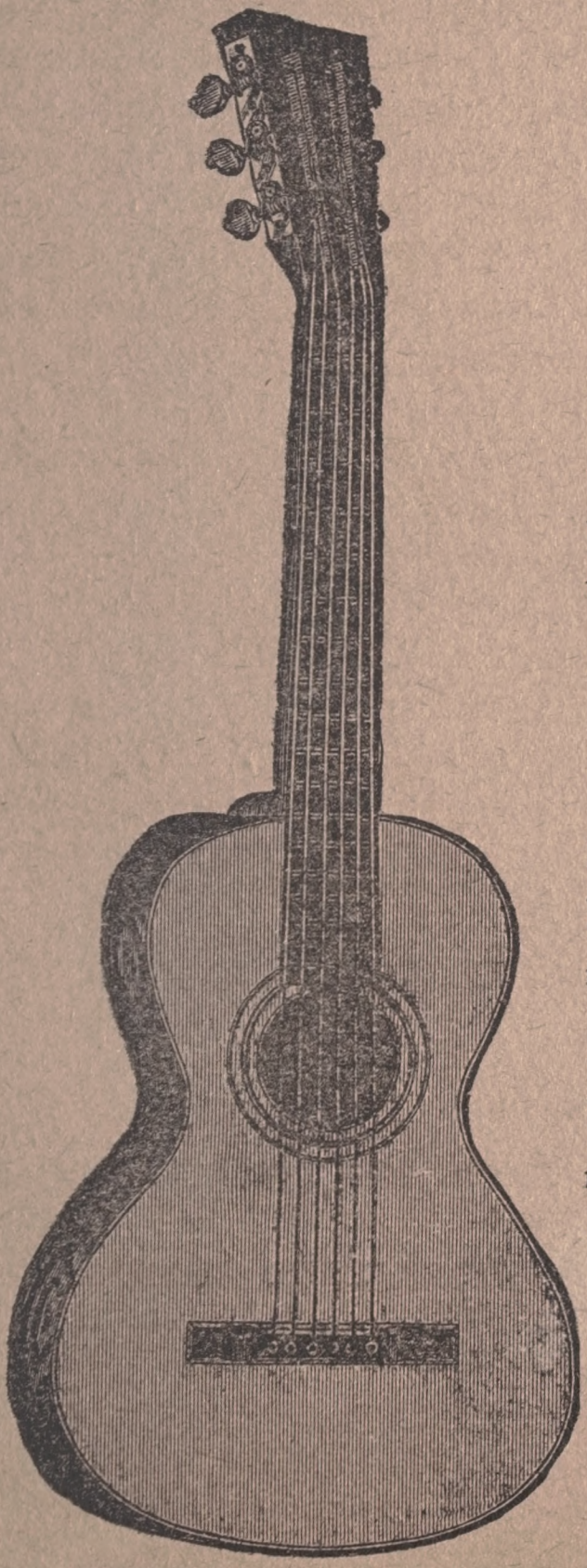
The return trip was made *via* New Orleans and up the Mississippi Basin. An ovation was given the train all along its way, and its entrance into Chicago was like a triumphal march. The whole city was out to witness the return. A surprise awaited Mr. Burch. The four thousand agents of the Phenix Insurance Company had prepared a banquet in his honor at the Auditorium, to which all his tourist guests were invited. This was the final scene of one of the most renowned excursions that could spring from the resources of this great age of the marvelous.

WHILE we are resting from the fatigues of attending the World's Fair, let us step over to the corner of Wabash Avenue and Panorama Court and witness a picture greater than any exhibited at the Exposition. It is the ancient city of Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion. There is shown, in all the beauty of the painter's art, that most interesting historic city with all the mournful and tragic scenes connected with it. It is a magnificent cyclorama restoring to the present the interesting Jerusalem of two thousand years ago, that city to which the people still journey to behold the holy place of the crucifixion. The lecturer, in an eloquent discourse, will point out the renowned scenes and noted places in the city, bringing back all its historic interests, with a view of that greatest tragedy of the world. There is the Christ suspended on his cross with all the awful surroundings that witnessed his death. The artist has thrown about the crucifixion the shadows that fell from the veiled sun, and the visitor feels as though he stood in the actual presence of this melancholy scene. There are interesting views here that will entertain the visitor half a day better than can anything else.

IT is truly worth the visitor's while to see the World's Columbian Exposition. You have seen in this book a glimpse of its magnitude and the wonderful exhibits that the world has there displayed. It is truly startling in its immensity and scope. But you have not seen all when the departments of the Fair have been visited. You have seen the vast products of this country, but even greater than this bewildering exhibition is the vast country itself. And of the picturesque scenery that is scattered over this broad land, the most inviting, pleasing and beautiful lies to the south. Before you doff your tourist suit and hang up your traveling bag, you should treat yourself to a trip through this sunny land.

Step down to 204 Clark street, Chicago, and get a ticket over the Evansville Route. You leave Chicago for Terre Haute, Evansville and Nashville, where you make connections at the Union Depot with through cars for all points beyond. There is no other line possessing such advantages in the point of fast time and through car service. It is the great leading route to the South, running vestibuled parlor cars on day trains, and Pullman buffet sleepers on night trains. You have a ride of luxury through a land of beauty. If you have never been South you have not seen the fields of enchantment of all this great country of magnificent scenery. If you have not traveled over this route, you have missed the most enjoyable trip possible to take. Down through the South to Florida! The sentence suggests a dive into the heart of the dreamland of a fairy kingdom. It is the synonym for a land of sun, flowers, fruit and golden sun.

You will find that G. W. Saul, President and General Manager of the lines, knows how to provide comforts and facilities of travel unequaled, and that Charles L. Stone, Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent, is well schooled in taking care of the traveling public. They are courteous and affable gentlemen, and the spirit of their pleasing personality is manifest throughout their service. It is a trip over a railway system that offers unequaled facilities to both the tourist and the man of business.



THE

# WASHBURN

**GUITARS, MANDOLINS AND ZITHERS ARE THE**

## BEST IN THE WORLD.

They are used by the Boston Ideal Club, and all the leading Professional and Amateur players throughout the Country.

Sold by the principal Music Dealers. Souvenir and price list mailed free.

Lyon & Healy

Manufacturers.

Warerooms, - - State and Monroe Sts.
Factory, - Randolph St. and Ogden Ave.

CHICAGO

AMERICAN

# Casualty Insurance and Security Co.

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

**Cash Capital, Fully Paid Up, $1,000,000.**

EXECUTIVE OFFICES:
EQUITABLE BUILDING, 120 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

**BEECHER. SCHENCK & BENEDICT, GENERAL MANAGERS**

*Agencies Established in all the Principal Cities and Towns throughout the United States.*

Insures under comprehensive form of contract and on favorable terms manufacturers, merchants, steam, street, cable and electric railways and other corporations and all employers of labor, against claims for accidental death or injury of employees, when liable for such accidents; and in the event of no liability, insuring also liability for accidental death or injury to passengers and the public.

Insures under comprehensive form of contract and on favorable terms property owners, against loss or damage by reason of the explosion of steam boilers, or the operation of engines, elevators, hoistways and specified machinery, furnishing rigid scientific inspection of same with the attendant official certificates.

Issues Bonds of Indemnity, guaranteeing the honesty of clerks and others in positions of trust.

Affords individual accident insurance under liberal policies, subject to simple conditions to those classed in preferred occupations, at lower rates than can be obtained from other accident companies of equal financial standing.

Reduced rates to Commercial Travelers.

Issues traveling accident tickets, insuring against death or injury from accidents on any public conveyance throughout the world $2,500 and $5,000 insurance at $5.00 and $10.00 per year respectively.

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

This Company is now ready for business, having been organized by prominent business men, active in the management of large insurance interests throughout the country; its directors and stockholders, comprising some of the wealthiest and most influential manufacturers, merchants and bankers in the United States.

The Company is provided with a charter, sufficiently broad to comprehend all miscellaneous forms of insurance.

The Company will transact a General Accident business, not confined to the limitations of what is generally known as accident insurance, but will introduce original and attractive features which cannot fail to commend themselves to an intelligent insuring public. Mention may be made of exigencies which have arisen and may occur again to demonstrate the value of the protection of this Company.

Boiler and other explosions may occur, causing large damage to property and injury to persons.

Engines and other machinery may break down, or elevators fall, causing serious loss, or claims for damages.

Railroad trains, street cars and vehicles of all description may cause injury to property and person for which liability can readily be established.

Floods, earthquakes, cyclones, wind storms, tornadoes and other contingencies frequently cause destruction and loss which no prudence can forsee.

The electric fluid serving as heat power and light is beyond human control and protection and indemnity should be provided against its terrible dangers.

All forms of casualty, accident and loss are the legitimate subject of insurance.

The AMERICAN CASUALTY INSURANCE AND SECURITY COMPANY is organized to meet present advanced ideas, a widening field and a growing demand, and its business prospectus invites careful investigation and consideration.

Correspondence and application for insurance solicited.

---

**In writing mention, this book.**

# ED. L. HUNTLEY'S $10.00 SUIT

and other HONEST GENTILE CLOTHING

FOR GENTLEMEN

SACK OR FROCK SUITS IN SIZES 33 TO 42 BREAST MEASURE

$24.00 — BLACK OR BLUE CLAYS DIAGONAL WORSTED.

$15.00 — BLUE OR BLACK FRENCH CORKSCREW WORSTED.

$10.00 — BROWN GRAY AND OLD GOLD CHECK, ALL WOOL CASSIMERE.

$8.00 — PLAIN BROWN DIAGONAL, ALL WOOL CASSIMERE.

FOR YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN

$2.50 $5.00 & $8.00

**Rules for Self-measurement.**

BREAST MEASURE, over vest, close up under arms.

WAIST MEASURE, over pants at waist.

INSIDE LEG MEASURE, from crotch to heel.

FOR BOYS UNDER 16 YRS., simply mention age.

DON'T BE A MARK BY WEARING POOR CLOTHES

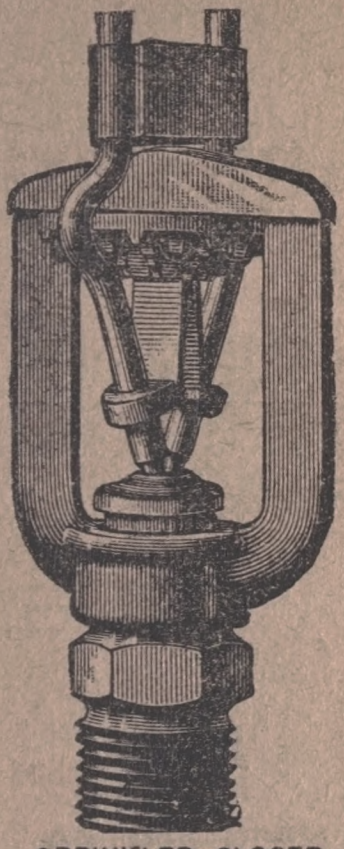
**ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.** are Wholesale Tailors, and make the best Clothing on Earth. In case our goods cannot be obtained from *your dealer*, and you wish to try our good clothes, send us the price of the suit, and it will be sent by express or mail. *If they do not please you when received, they can be returned at our expense, and we will cheerfully refund the money.* Our elegant apparel, quoted above, is made from substantial fabrics, harmoniously trimmed, perfect in fit, and cut in fashionable style. All this, together with substantial workmanship, is what has built up for us the **Greatest Mail Order Business in the World.** We claim to be the cheapest Clothing House in America.

ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.,
122 AND 124 MARKET STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Postoffice Drawer 667.

☞ SEND SIX CENTS FOR POSTAGE. CLOTH SAMPLES FREE.


In writing, mention this book.



SPRINKLER CLOSED.

# THE BEST AUTOMATIC FIRE SPRINKLER

MADE

IS MANUFACTURED BY

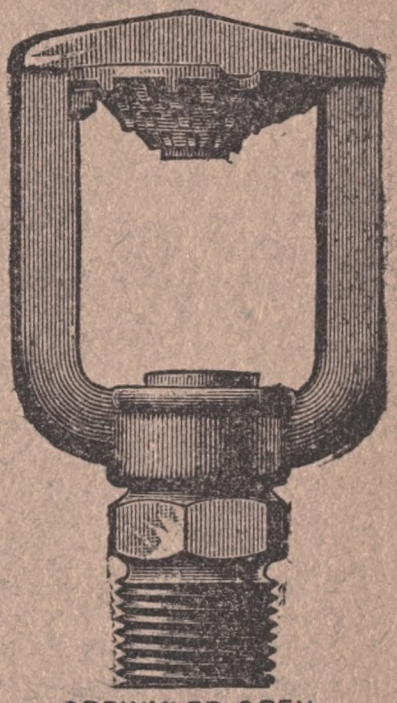
## THE NERACHER SPRINKLER CO.,

**WARREN, OHIO, U. S. A.**

WITH BRANCH OFFICES AT

CHICAGO, PITTSBURGH,
ST. LOUIS, CLEVELAND,
CINCINNATI, BOSTON.

*The Cost of our System is usually Saved in 2 Years.*



SPRINKLER OPEN.

We have Agents in every State in the Union, and it will be no trouble to have them call, explain the merits of our system and tender an estimate as to the cost of an equipment. **WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.**

---

Illustrated HOME JOURNAL

**36** Quarto pages—**50 cents** a year.

AN Elegant Monthly for the **FAMILY and FIRESIDE.** Printed in the highest style of the art, and embellished with magnificent Engravings. Sample FREE. Agents Wanted.

THOMAS G. NEWMAN AND SON, PUBLISHERS

246 East Madison St., - CHICAGO, ILL.

---

## S. A. KEAN & CO., BANKERS

AND DEALERS IN

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

100 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

NEW YORK:
118 BROADWAY.

Extend all facilities of a general BANKING business, and always have a full line of choice BONDS and other Investments paying a good rate of interest. Lists and information on application. Also deal in Land Warrants and Scrip.

---

Secure absolute safety for your valuables in

**SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS,**
Cor. Adams and La Salle Sts., Chicago.

---

In writing, mention this book.

# KLINCK'S

# Catarrh AND Bronchial Remedy

—IS—

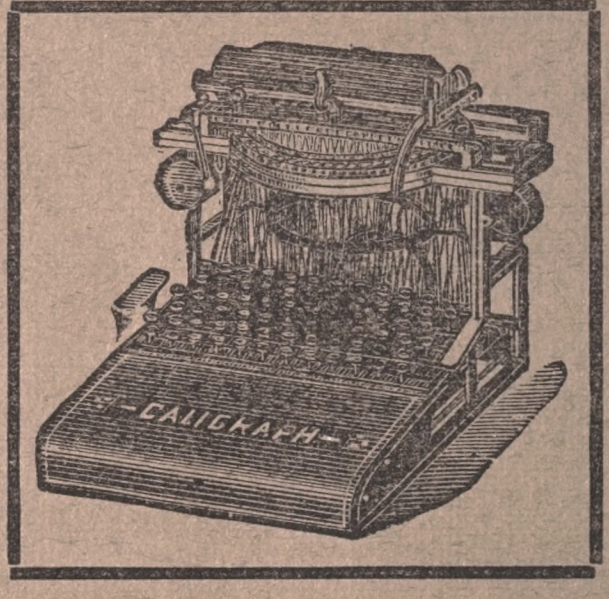
"THE ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD CURE"
for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, BRONCHITIS,
CANKER, COLD in the HEAD,
and SORE THROAT.

PUT UP IN PINT BOTTLES. PRICE $1.00

Office, 82 Jackson St., - CHICAGO.

# TYPE-WRITERS

ALL MAKES.
NEW AND
SECOND-HAND
MACHINES
BOUGHT, SOLD,
EXCHANGED
AND
RENTED
ANYWHERE
IN THE
COUNTRY.




SEND FOR
CATALOGUE.

WE CARRY
THE
LARGEST
STOCK IN
THE
WORLD.

## NATIONAL TYPE-WRITER EXCHANGE,

200 LA SALLE STREET, - - CHICAGO, ILL.

In writing, mention this book.

# OPIUMOR MORPHINE HABIT CURED

## DR. S. B. COLLINS'

## PAINLESS OPIUM

### ANTIDOTE

will cure you at home without any interruption of ordinary business. Book sent free to any address. Hundreds of original testimonials of physicians and others for inspection at my office, Room 27, American Express Building, Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. P. O. Drawer, 691.

---

## CROWN PEN CO.

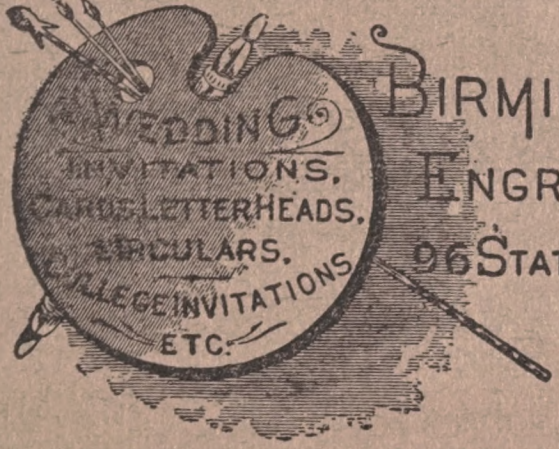
**FOUNTAIN AND GOLD PEN MAKERS.**

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Crown Fountain Pens.

All kinds of Pens Repaired.

**78 State St., Chicago.**

---




BIRMINGHAM
ENGRAVING CO.
96 STATE STREET.
CHICAGO.

---

In writing, mention this book.

# PHOTOGRAPHY

BECOMES A PLEASURABLE CERTAINTY BY USING

# CARBUTT'S DRY PLATES

TRADE MARK

AND

# "CELLULOID" FILMS.

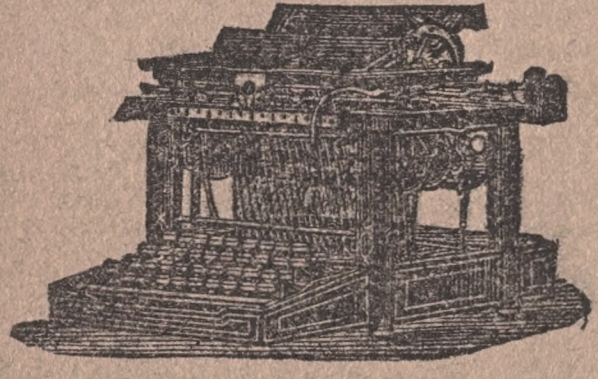
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. ASK FOR AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Keystone Dry Plate and Film Works, Wayne Junction, Phila.

---

"I advise all parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand writing and type-writing. A stenographer who can type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar."—CHARLES READE, on "The Coming Man."

Remington
Standard Typewriter.



Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
196 LA SALLE STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

For Fifteen Years the Standard, and to-day the most perfect development of the writing machine, embodying the latest and highest achievements of inventive and mechanical skill. We add to the Remington every improvement that study and capital can secure.

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

# YOU NEED

## *The Farmers' Voice,*

For it is the outspoken champion of the rights of America's producers. This journal has more communications of a high order of literary merit on the leading issues of the day, written by men who are actual working farmers, than any other paper printed.

## A Twenty-Page Illustrated Weekly Journal,

**of large National circulation.**

## A HOME PAPER,

read with equal interest by man and wife, daughter and son.

**Only $1.00 per year,** or trial trip, **three months** (13 weeks) **for 25 cents.**

## THE FARMERS' VOICE COMPANY,

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

---

GLASSES properly adapted to every form of defective eyesight in accordance with the science and philosophy of nature. Beware of risking your sight in the hands of self-styled opticians.

**DR. B. A. CAMFIELD,** *Consulting and Operating Surgeon to the CHICAGO EYE AND EAR COLLEGE.*

**OFFICE, 163 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Sundays, 11 to 2.

The Largest Stock of Artificial Eyes in the West. An assortment of eyes sent to any address, allowing purchaser to select one or more and return the balance, thus securing a perfect fit. Many diseases of the eye and ear can be treated successfully by mail. Write for particulars. **B. A. CAMFIELD, M. D.**

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

# RUPTURE

## Permanently Cured or no Pay.

No detention from business. We refer you to 600 patients in the city and State and six National banks in Denver.

Investigate our method. Written guarantee to absolutely cure all kinds of Rupture of both sexes, without the use of knife or syringe, no matter of how long standing. Examination free.

## THE O. E. MILLER COMPANY,

**Rooms 93 & 94 Tabor Opera House Block,**

CURTIS ST. ENTRANCE,

DENVER, COLORADO.

Office hours—9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Take elevator.

**SEND FOR CIRCULAR.**

---

In writing, mention this book.

# WELLS FARGO & CO.'S

# Express Money Orders

**Are the cheapest, safest and most convenient method of**

## TRANSMITTING MONEY.

Absolute safety from theft or loss is secured by this system, and the Orders are safer for travelers and more convenient than money.

No written application is necessary when purchasing these Orders.

A receipt is given to the purchaser of our Money Orders. If an Order should be lost, the money will be refunded without unnecessary delay.

Money Orders are issued at any of Wells Fargo & Co.'s offices in

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Arizona,** | **Indiana,** | **Montana,** | **Ohio,** |
| **British Columbia,** | **Indian Ter.,** | **Nebraska,** | **Pennsylvania,** |
| | **Iowa,** | **Nevada,** | **Texas,** |
| **California,** | **Kansas,** | **New Jersey,** | **Utah,** |
| **Colorado,** | **Louisiana,** | **New Mexico,** | **Washington,** |
| **Dakota,** | **Missouri,** | **New York,** | **Wyoming,** |
| **Illinois,** | | **Oregon.** | |

and paid "TO ORDER" at 15,000 Express Offices in the United States and Canada.

### The Orders can be Deposited in Banks or Remitted in Letters.

Merchants, benevolent associations, insurance companies, publishers, and all to whom money is remitted, will find the system greatly to their convenience, if they will, in their advertisements or otherwise, request that funds be sent by Express Money Order.

## RATES:

| | |
|---|---|
| Not over $5 ..... 5 cents | Not over $30 ..... 12 cents |
| Not over $10 ..... 8 cents | Not over $40 ..... 15 cents |
| Not over $20 ..... 10 cents | Not over $50 ..... 20 cents |

**OVER $50, PROPORTIONATELY.**

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

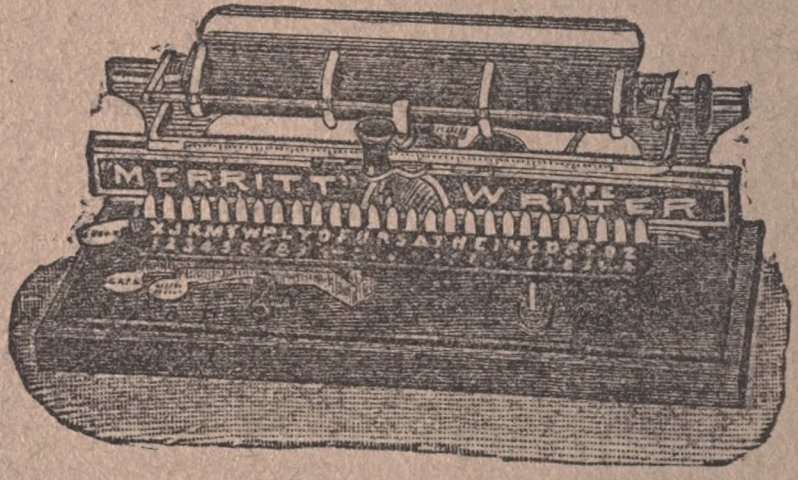
# EVERYBODY'S TYPEWRITER

AND HOW TO GET IT

# FOR NOTHING.

PARTIES WHO NEED
AND SHOULD USE THE
"MERRITT" TYPEWRITER.

Ministers,
Doctors,
Lawyers,
Reporters,




Teachers,
Students,
Editors,
All Writers.

SCHOOL BOYS, GIRLS AND BUSINESS MEN.

## WEEKLY TIMES' GREAT OFFER

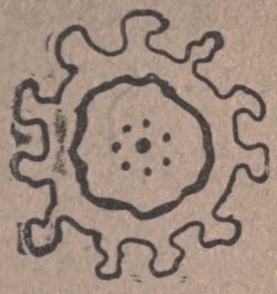
*THE "MERRITT" TYPEWRITER.*

**HOW TO GET IT.** On the receipt of THIRTY subscribers for THE WEEKLY TIMES for one year and a draft for $30 we will ship you by express the "MERRITT" TYPEWRITER. The regular annual subscription price of the paper is $1.

*REMEMBER, ONLY 30 NAMES AND $30.*

ADDRESS **THE CHICAGO TIMES CO.**

In writing, mention this book.



# THE WORLD'S TOURISTS' EXCHANGE

PROPOSE to give a full and complete description of the numerous resorts throughout this country, and to give information that will enable one to reach his destination in the most comfortable and least expensive manner. If desired, tickets will be furnished and hotel accommodations engaged in advance.

Send for Circular.

Address,

H. A. PIERCE, *President*,

374 The Rookery,

Chicago.

---

**In writing, mention this book.**

# Loyal · American.

An Eight Page Weekly Journal Devoted to

## AMERICAN · INSTITUTIONS.

Deals only with questions that concern every man, woman and child now living, and pays especial attention to the legislation or measures that will give posterity civil and religious liberty.

*Favors the TAXATION of ALL PROPERTY, including churches, etc.*

*Favors an EDUCATED FRANCHISE.*

*Defends our Public Schools from their ancient enemies.*

*Opposed to Religion in our Politics.*

*Opposed to the union of State and Church.*

*Wants the Church to attend to souls, and let the offices alone.*

*Opposed to using public money for religious purposes.*

*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* Per annum pays for a compact, condensed, brave, truthful journal that will give you courage to labor for the perpetuation of this American Republic and its free institutions. Send orders for subscriptions and sample copies to

**N. W. McCOMBER, MANAGER,**
**ROOM 635, THE ROOKERY, CHICAGO.**

In writing, mention this book.

ANGLERS,
SPORTSMEN AND
WHEELMEN

WILL FIND THE PAGES OF

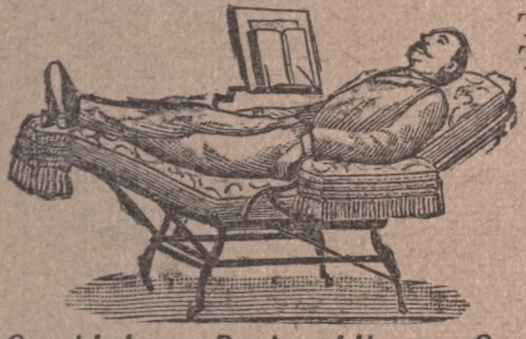
# The Sporting Review

WELL WORTH THE PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Leading Illustrated Monthly Sportsman's Journal of America.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.00 PER YEAR.

The · Robbins · & · Palmer · Co.,
PUBLISHERS,
107 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.



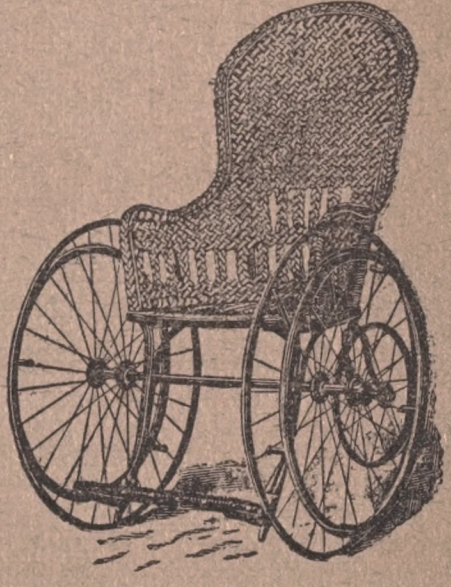
THESE CUTS ILLUSTRATE SOME OF THE DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF THE

## MARKS'
## Adjustable Folding Chair

THE BEST CHAIR IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

*Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking and Reclining Chair, a Lounge, Full-length Bed and Child's Crib, HAVING OVER FIFTY CHANGES OF POSITION.*

Unequaled for Solid Comfort and Convenience.
Furnished in Woven Cane Seat, with Reversible Upholstery, suitable for Summer or Winter.
Ornamental as well as Useful.



**MORE THAN 35,000 NOW IN USE.**
*THIS PROVES THEIR MERIT.*

## Marks' Adjustable Folding Chair Co.,
LIMITED.

**GEO. C. MORGAN,**
*Sole Agent for Chicago and Northwest,*
**231 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.**

In writing, mention this book.

··THE··

# Tourist and Traveler.

AN ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

## Travel, Commerce, Recreation AND Current Events.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
ONE YEAR, $4.00.
SIX MONTHS, 2.25.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

## THE DELMAR PUBLISHING CO.,

OFFICES, IMPERIAL BUILDING,
260 S. CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE TOURIST AND TRAVELER is a strictly first-class Illustrated Weekly Journal, or Magazine, devoted to Travel, Commercial Matters, Recreation, Independent Politics, Short Interesting Stories, Select Literature, Pleasing Satire and Humor, and bright Editorials on interesting Current Events.

It is conducted after the style of the leading monthly magazines, only it is published weekly instead of monthly, and contains as much choice interesting reading matter as any of the most popular magazines, while costing only 10 cents per year for 52 copies.

It is profuse with beautiful, artistic engravings, representing current popular and interesting subjects.

THE TOURIST AND TRAVELER is a strictly clean, pure, valuable, highly interesting and instructive journal, or weekly magazine, designed for the merchant, the lawyer, the banker, the physician, the politician, the statesman, the army and navy officer, the traveler, the clergyman, the farmer and the home circle, and is decidedly the most interesting periodical published in America —no exception.

DELMAR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
260 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

In writing, mention this book.

"THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE WEST."

# THE SATURDAY EVENING HERALD CHICAGO.

89 CLARK STREET,
GRAND OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

The HERALD is now in its sixteenth year, and has achieved a reputation as a Literary, Critical and Social authority.

It publishes more Critical Matter, Society Reports and Pure Literature than any other Weekly in the West.

The Special Departments of this most successful Family and Society Journal are as follows:

1. *Literature, Book Reviews, Essays, Poems, Stories, Sketches.*
2. *Social Reports and Gossip, Fashion Articles, and Discussions of Home Topics.*
3. *Musical and Dramatic News, Criticisms and Correspondence.*
4. *Correspondence from the Principal Eastern and European Cities.*
5. *Watering Place Reports and Notes of Travel.*
6. *Editorial Discussions of Noteworthy Events and Important Topics.*

**Subscription, only $2.00 per Annum.**

THE CHICAGO SATURDAY EVENING HERALD is honest, outspoken and independent. It possesses a flavor of its own, which has earned some distinction for it and many friends. Intelligent persons are invited to institute comparisons between it and the average three and four dollar per annum publications. As an

ADVERTISING MEDIUM IT IS UNSURPASSED.

ADDRESS:

**SATURDAY EVENING HERALD COMPANY,**

JOHN M. DANDY, EDITOR. CHICAGO.

In writing, mention this book.

# IT GIVES!

## IT GIVES!
## IT GIVES!
## IT GIVES!

An immense amount of information needed by every class of people who are in any way interested in the

# INSURANCE

Question, Standing of all the Insurance Companies, the States they do business in, Legal Decisions, Laws and Clauses, 1000 pages of very useful

# INFORMATION

CORRECTED MONTHLY.

# BLACK AND WHITE

A Monthly Magazine of Facts for Insurance Investors.

**$2.00 PER YEAR.**

KELLOGG & COLLINGS,

PUBLISHERS,

196-198 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

---

**In writing, mention "A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR."**

# GET "THE BEST."

THE LARGE, BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL,

WEEKLY

# ORANGE JUDD FARMER

*Edited by ORANGE JUDD.*

Full of Plain, Practical, Reliable Information, for the **FARM;** for **LIVE STOCK** of all kinds; for the **DAIRY;** for **HORTICULTURE,** including the Garden, Fruits, Flowers, Destructive Insects, etc.; for **HOUSEKEEPERS;** for **CHILDREN** and **YOUTH;** *reliable* **MARKET REPORTS;** the **NEWS** "Boiled Down for Busy People." A very valuable series of "Health Talk" articles now appearing. A Grand Weekly Journal for Every Country and Village HOME.

**YOU WANT IT;**

**YOUR WIFE WANTS IT;**

**YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS,**

(LARGE AND SMALL.)

**ALL WANT IT!**

**THE CHEAPEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD,**

taking into account its Quality, Size and Great Value.

One Year (52 Weeks) - only $1.00.

ADDRESS,

**ORANGE JUDD FARMER CO.,**

**226 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO**

---

In writing, mention this book.

# "The Scenic Line of the World,"

**Is the synonym of the**

# DENVER & RIO GRANDE Railroad.

Contentment is the Keystone of Human Happiness. If business necessities compel, or a desire for pleasure induces you to travel, remember the above synonym and select the DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD for your transcontinental journey, and you will sing, in chorus with the countless thousands who have traveled over this grandest of all scenic routes: "The fast schedule time was made shorter by the magnificent and entrancing views through which we passed." It has become proverbial that business is transacted much quicker and more pleasantly after having journeyed over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Is not this a desideratum?

Nature's sublime exposition of wonders, as presented to the tourist from the windows of the superb and elegantly equipped trains of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, is not equalled by that of any in America or Europe. Thousands of Americans and Europeans have testified to this statement. To visit America and not swing around the Rio Grande Circle of Wonders, surmounting the Atlantic and Pacific Divide to an altitude of 11,600 feet, is like seeing the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Send your address to the undersigned and you will be furnished free with the beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound books entitled "Around the Circle," "Valleys of the Great Salt Lake" and "Rhymes of the Rockies." You will know it all, then, and marvel at our modest statements.

All the leading mid-continental health, pleasure, hunting and fishing resorts are located along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

## PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS AND PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS

**Furnish the traveler with all human comforts.**

Information or advice regarding the grandest of all rail routes, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, will be cheerfully given at any time, either by mail or personally.

Chicago Office:
**J. W. SLOSSON, Gen'l Ag't.,**
Grand Pacific Hotel,
236 Clark Street.

**S. K. HOOPER,**
G. P. & T. A., D. & R. G. R. R.,
Denver, Col.

---

In writing, mention this book.

# CALIFORNIA

The fast Express for California now leaves Dearborn Station, Chicago, at twenty minutes of five every day and carries Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars through without change.—

It runs via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

# Santa Fe Route.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lv Chicago..... .. | 4.40 P.M. | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat |
| Ar Kansas City... | 7.30 A.M. | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun |
| Ar Topeka..... | 10.15 A.M. | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun |
| Ar Las Vegas..... | 12.50 P.M. | Tues | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon |
| Ar San Bernardino | 12.30 P.M. | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed |
| Ar Pasadena .... .. | 2.30 P.M. | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed |
| Ar Los Angeles.... | 3.00 P.M. | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed |
| Ar Sad Diego..... | 8.35 P.M. | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed |
| Ar San Fraisco.... | 8.45 P.M. | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed |

Office, 212 Clark Street, cor. Adams.

G. T. NICHOLSON,
G. P. A., Topeka, Kan.

JNO. J. BYRNE,
Asst. G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

# The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

## RAILWAY

**Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains,**
With Westinghouse Air Signals, between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, daily.

**Through Parlor Cars on Day Trains,**
Between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

**Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains,**
Between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha, daily.

**Through Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars,**
Daily, between Chicago, the Yellowstone Park, Tacoma and Portland, Oregon.

**Solid Vestibuled Trains,**
Daily, between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City, via the Hedrick Route.

**Through Pullman Sleeping Cars,**
Daily, between St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

**FINEST DINING CARS IN THE WORLD.**
**THE BEST PULLMAN SLEEPERS.**
**ELECTRIC READING LAMPS IN BERTHS.**

**6,000 Miles of Road,**
In Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota and North Dakota.

**Everything First-Class.**
First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.

Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the

**CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.**

For Maps, Pamphlets, Etc., Address,

**A. V. H. CARPENTER,**
General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.

---

In writing, mention this book.

**SHIP** YOUR BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, VEAL, GAME, POTATOES, BEANS, HAY, GRAIN, WOOL, GREEN and DRIED FRUITS, or anything you may have to us. Quick Sales at the Highest Market Price, and Prompt Returns made. Write to us for Prices, Shipping Taggs, or any information you may want.

SUMMERS, MORRISON & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
Reference—Metropolitan National Bank. 174 So. Water St., CHICAGO.

# !!! HERE WE ARE AGAIN !!!

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

S.H. Vowell & Co.
185 LaSalle St. Chicago.

THE BEST WRITING MACHINE

100,000 DAILY USERS.

## CLEANFAST BLACK STOCKINGS
THAT WILL NOT CROCK.

Unsurpassed Wearing Quality, with a Finish like Silk.

Best in the World, Special Make for Bicycle Hose.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

25C. AND UPWARDS.

The Cleanfast Hosiery Co.,
107 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

W. J. KUHNS. FRANK C. KUHNS.

# Kuhns Hotel

Remodled, Elevator, Restaurant, Barber Shop, Turkish Baths. 75c. to $2.50 per day. European Plan.

165 TO 169 CLARK STREET,
CHICAGO.

In writing, mention this book.

All the Latest Improvements in the Science of Railroading, Have Been Adopted by the

# Chicago & Erie R.R.

(LATE CHICAGO & ATLANTIC RAILWAY)

Which, in Connection with the

## ERIE

Forms the Great Through Route Between

## CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

By this Line, You are Given the Benefit of

THROUGH TRAINS,
PULLMAN DINING CARS,
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS,

Vestibuled Throughout.

Chicago Office, 107 Clark St.

D. I. ROBERTS,
A. G. P. A., CHICAGO.

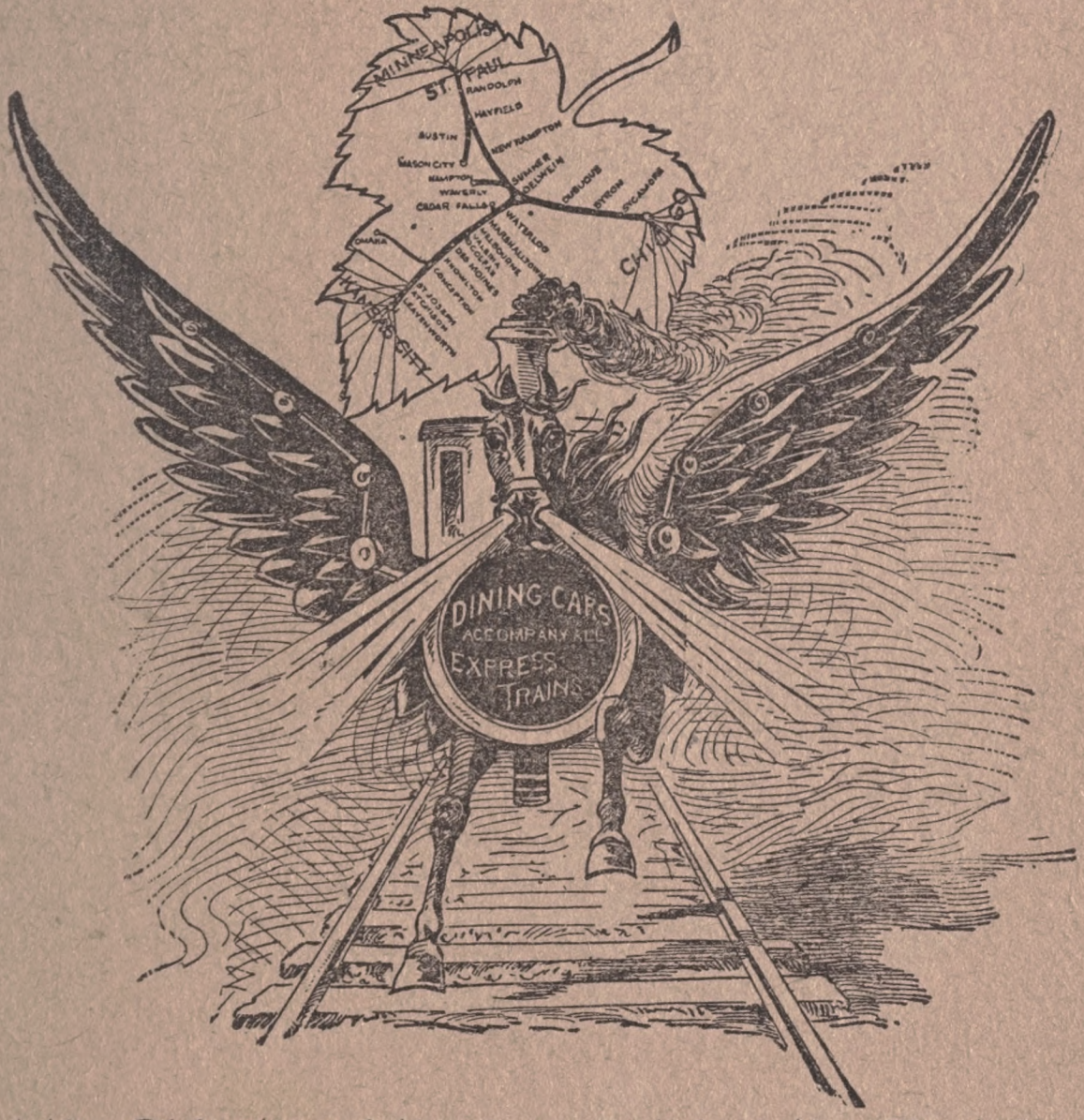
W. C. RINEARSON,
G. P. A., NEW YORK.

In writing mention this book.

THIS IS INTENDED TO ADVERTISE

THE

# CHICAGO, ST. PAUL & KANSAS CITY R'Y




Not the Oldest and the Longest. but the Best Route
To and From

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

And a Thousand and One Other Great Cilies.

JONH M. EAGAN,
President, ST. PAUL.

W. R. BUSENBARK,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., CHICAGO.

# MONON ROUTE

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry. Co.

BETWEEN CHICAGO

LA FAYETTE

INDIANAPOLIS

CINCINNATI

LOUISVILLE

AND ALL POINTS SOUTH.

Pullman Vestibuled Service on all night trains.

Parlor Chair and Dining Cars on day trains.

The Favorite Route to and from Florida Points.

Quick Transit and Close Connections.

JAMES BARKER, General Passenger Agent,

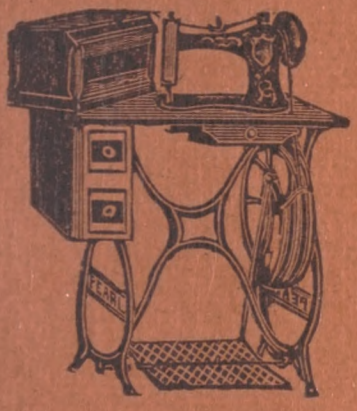
MONON BLOCK,

CHICAGO, ILL.

In writing, mention "A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR."

# ONLY $20.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.



## *The "PEARL" High-Arm Sewing Machine*

is elegantly finished in Black Walnut. Style No. 3 (see cut) has a cover, drop-leaf, two drawers on side and swing drawer. Other styles equally as low. Plush-lined case of Attachments free.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

WE ARE ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THE

## *"WESTERN SINGER" Low-Arm Machine.*

FROM $14.00 UPWARDS.

+ + +

## M. A. SCULLIN & CO.,

762 W. Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

In writing, mention "A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR."

# PHENIX INSURANCE CO. OF BROOKLYN.

Losses Paid Exceed $37,000,000.00

OFFICES OF THE WESTERN AND SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT,
IN COMPANY'S BUILDING, CHICAGO.